

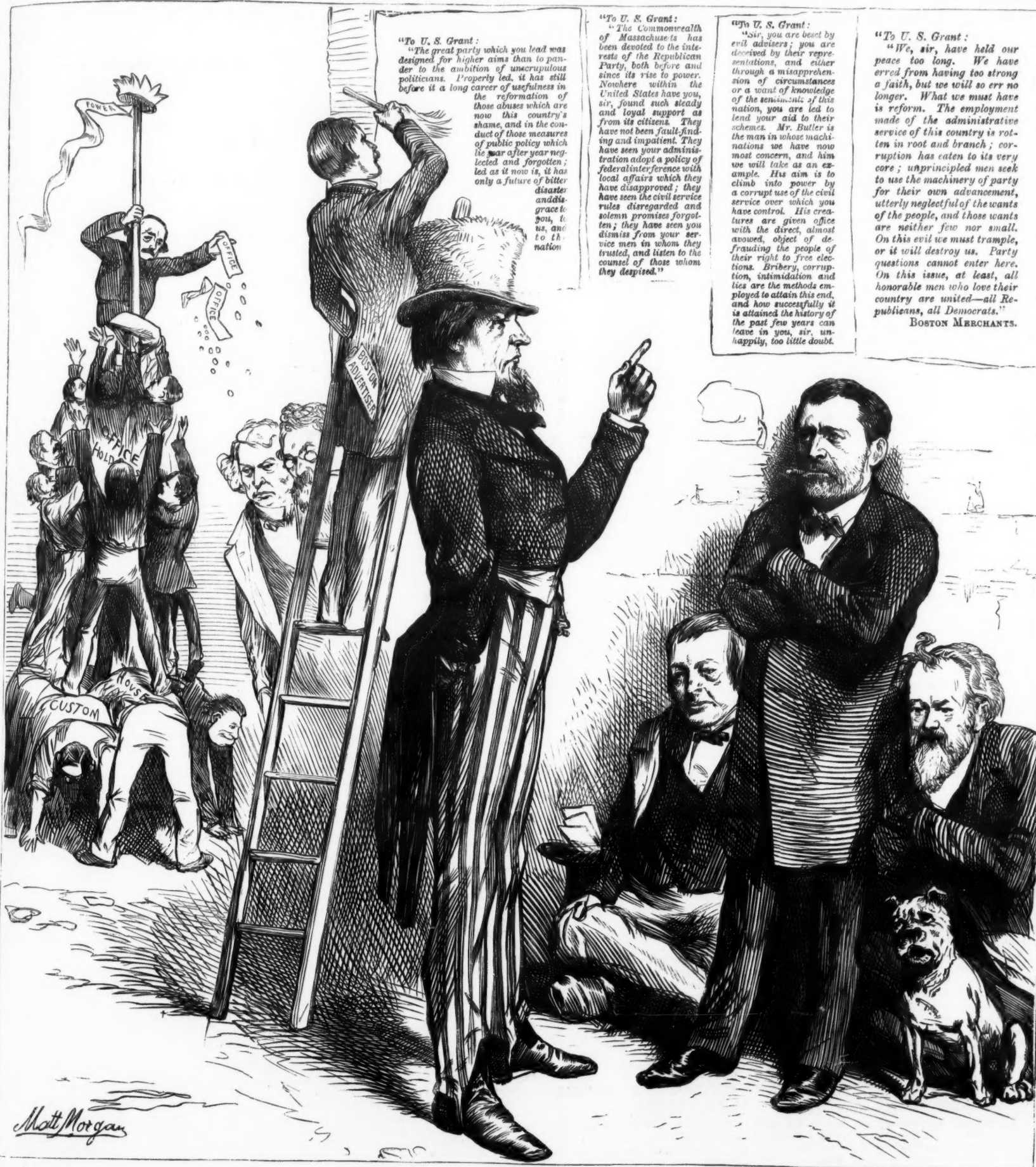
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, MARCH 21, 1874.

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**"To U. S. Grant:**  
"The great party which you lead was designed for higher aims than to pander to the ambition of unscrupulous politicians. Properly led, it has still before it a long career of usefulness in the reformation of those abuses which are now this country's shame, and in the conduct of those measures of public policy which he year after year neglected and forgotten; led as it now is, it has only a future of bitter disaster and disgrace to you, to us, and to the nation."

**"To U. S. Grant:**  
"The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has been devoted to the interests of the Republican Party, both before and since its rise to power. Nowhere within the United States have you, sir, found such steady and loyal support as from its citizens. They have not been fault-finding and impatient. They have seen your administration adopt a policy of federal interference with local affairs which they have disapproved; they have seen the civil service rules disregarded and solemn promises forgotten; they have seen you dismiss from your service men in whom they trusted, and listen to the counsel of those whom they despised."

**"To U. S. Grant:**  
"Sir, you are best by evil advisers; you are deceived by their representations, and either through a misapprehension of circumstances or a want of knowledge of the teniments of this nation, you are led to lend your aid to their schemes. Mr. Butler is the man in whose machinations we have now most concern, and him we will take as an example. His aim is to climb into power by a corrupt use of the civil service over which you have control. His creatures are given office with the direct, almost avowed, object of defrauding the people of their right to free elections. Bribery, corruption, intimidation and lies are the methods employed to attain this end, and how successfully it is attained the history of the past few years can leave in you, sir, unhappily, too little doubt."

**"To U. S. Grant:**  
"We, sir, have held our peace too long. We have erred from having too strong a faith, but we will so err no longer. What we must have is reform. The employment made of the administrative service of this country is rotten in root and branch; corruption has eaten to its very core; unprincipled men seek to use the machinery of party for their own advancement, utterly neglectful of the wants of the people, and those wants are neither few nor small. On this evil we must trample, or it will destroy us. Party questions cannot enter here. On this issue, at least, all honorable men who love their country are united—all Republicans, all Democrats."

BOSTON MERCHANTS.

## A REMONSTRANCE FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

UNCLE SAM TO PRESIDENT GRANT—"Have you so far forgotten the trust reposed in you that you entirely disregard these remonstrances from the great, powerful and intellectual State of Massachusetts? The people of that State complain that you have interfered in their local affairs, that you have utterly disregarded the civil service rules, that you have dismissed from office men in whom THEY trust, and listened to the counsels of those whom they despise. What do you mean by all this? Are you indifferent to the welfare of this great nation? Are you pandering to the rowdy element of the country? Are you lending your power to place dishonorable men in office? Are you following the example of the late New York Ring? Beware of the fate that is sure to follow you, as it followed him. These merchants have asked bread and you have given them a stone; they have asked a fish and you have given them a serpent."

U. S. G.—"What I have done I adhere to. I never take anything back."

SUMNER AND SCHURZ—"Uncle Sam's eyes are opening to these flagrant outrages which we have always denounced. 1876 will justify us."



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**ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.**  
 637 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 21, 1874.

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 describes the charms of the most beautiful State in  
 the land.

**WANTED—FAITH AND A  
 LEADER.**

IN a country where political parties do not  
 exist the social spirit of the people is low.  
 When men are animated by a unity of wishes  
 a political party will necessarily grow forth.  
 If we read the history of Germany, of France,  
 of England, and of America, we shall find that  
 there is usually one party in favor of ex-  
 isting institutions, and another party de-  
 sirous of having something new. If to-day  
 the people of America linger between a  
 choice of the institutions of Republicanism  
 and of the ill-defined policy of men who are  
 opposed to the Administration, it is because  
 popular sentiment and popular purpose are  
 feeble. A radical party has no existence  
 among us. Republicans, Liberal Republicans  
 and Democrats are asking only for a return  
 to past principles. All of them are conser-  
 vative.

Yet there is a widespread willingness among  
 the people to form a new party. The most  
 patient Republicans say, "We will forsake  
 Grant, not for the Democratic Party, but for  
 something better than Grant." There is neither  
 an expressed faith nor a practical leader cap-  
 able of interpreting latent popular sentiment.  
 Mr. Sumner, with his heart in his steel en-  
 gravings, does not speak. Mr. Morton sits  
 like a jaundiced ghost, silent and petulant, in  
 his Senatorial chair. Mr. Conkling nervously  
 drums the devil's tattoo on his desk, and won-  
 ders. Senator Carpenter, who might give hope,  
 rises occasionally to make an able legal argu-  
 ment, but says nothing of political prospects.  
 Speaker Blaine, who is the readiest politician  
 in the House, sits behind his gavel, a petrified  
 synonym for the rules. Neither from the  
 men who pretend to represent the Republican  
 Party nor from those from whom we expect  
 to hear a translation of the dead language of  
 the popular heart do we receive a single word.  
 Newton Booth, whose tongue was a little  
 while ago a flame of fire, sits cooped up be-  
 side the yellow waters of the Sacramento,  
 while men say that when the time comes for  
 selecting a President we cannot afford to for-  
 get him. Ten words from Charles Francis  
 Adams would set the country in a blaze. We  
 hear nothing.

But neither Republicanism nor Democracy  
 means anything. Governor Hendricks at  
 Indianapolis means no more than Mr. Adams  
 does at Quincy. Even the independent editors  
 who a little time since thundered against  
 Grant offer no solution of the great national  
 problem. Sam. Bowles amuses himself with  
 bright circumlocutions, and Murat Halstead  
 broadly launches two-line paragraphs at  
 small men. The people themselves do not  
 know what they politically need. The ablest  
 platform written these ten years, that of the Na-  
 tional Grangers, avoided politics; and the letter  
 of the Boston merchants proclaimed their fealty  
 to Grant if he would not appoint Simmons.  
 Everybody is in some degree opposed to  
 Grant's Administration; everybody wants a  
 more refined President and a worthier repre-  
 sentation in Congress; but no one can define  
 exactly what the President and Congress  
 ought to do. The evil lies in what has already  
 been done. To-morrow the people will wail  
 over Grant's actions, but while he is perform-  
 ing them they do not understand him.

We believe in party and in leadership. The  
 Government has never been so great as when  
 it was under the control of a great party and  
 a great statesman. The first efforts for Con-  
 stitutional Government in this country resulted  
 in the formation of the Federal Party, which,  
 founded though it was on popular faith, was  
 really the handiwork of Alexander Hamilton.  
 Before the framing of the Constitution there  
 existed a strong popular democratic sentiment  
 ready to become the spirit of a mighty politi-  
 cal movement, but it did not take shape as  
 the then-called Republican Party until Thomas  
 Jefferson guided it into action. The Whig  
 Party was the ward of Henry Clay. The Re-  
 publican Party of 1856 was only an enthu-  
 siasm without leadership. In 1860, Seward,  
 the practical leader, made that party a fact.

If Newton Booth, or Charles Francis Adams,  
 or Speaker Blaine has the courage, he may

touch the existing latent public sentiment into  
 life, and reap the reward as surely as if he  
 struck a diamond mine. There are thousands  
 of people who have dreamed that this honor  
 might belong to Senator Conkling; but he has  
 pursed his lips in haughty indifference, and the  
 time is going by. It is within the power of  
 any one of the great men whom we have  
 mentioned to combine into active organization  
 a sufficiency of the voting force of the country  
 to carry the next Congress and the next  
 Presidency.

But the mountain will not come to Muham-  
 med; Mohammed must go to the mountain. A  
 twiddling of fingers in Congressional halls  
 will not solve the political problem. It seems  
 to us, however, that Senators Conkling and  
 Carpenter have made the first advances in a  
 campaign which promises to unite the old  
 Democratic South with the agricultural West,  
 and that they have the support of all that  
 class of active politicians who sneer at the  
*Times*, believe in party fealty, and always  
 wait for something to turn up.

**REPUBLICAN POLICY.**

GENERAL BUTLER'S victory over both the  
 respectable Republicans of Boston and  
 his own professional political opponents is a  
 hurt to the Administration. He has achieved  
 a triumph from which his faction will never  
 recover. He is not a great enough man to  
 lead Republicanism, and respectability will  
 not support him. He has done an act which  
 separates the rank and the file of his party.  
 On one hand, we see Grant, Butler, and  
 the men who make a living from politics,  
 managing the wires so as to give them the  
 patronage of office. They are doing no un-  
 usual thing, because it has been a custom for  
 any party in power shrewdly to manage its  
 means so as to give the wire-workers positions,  
 and to secure a promise of future victories.  
 Opposed to Grant, Butler and their followers  
 are the people who desire that politicians  
 shall not use the civil service for their own  
 advancement, or for that of their party. They  
 wish that mere politicians should be com-  
 pelled to subordinate themselves to respect-  
 able candidates for office.

They have not been satisfied in their wish,  
 because they have relied both upon Grant and  
 upon the best leaders of the Republican Party  
 to aid them. Many of them will continue their  
 trust until the last. But, if they had a spark  
 of critical intelligence, they might know that  
 General Grant can never have any apprecia-  
 tion of public wants or public welfare. His  
 West Point education, such as it was, gave  
 him to know only utilities and machinery;  
 and it is impossible for him to understand the  
 spirit of anything. General Butler can beat  
 it into his head that it is feasible to appoint to  
 office a man who is likely to do something for  
 him in return. But Mr. Curtis and Mr. Sumner  
 long ago in despair gave up the idea of im-  
 pressing him with an idea—an idea abstract  
 only because it has never been practiced. He  
 cannot go down to the heart of matters. He  
 is vulgar, mercenary and stupid. He readily  
 appoints Simmons, Hillyer or Murphy to office,  
 but he cannot see why anybody should "make  
 a fuss" over men like William M. Evarts,  
 Charles Francis Adams, or Judge Curtis; men  
 who "cannot keep a hotel." He has two  
 wishes in life; first, to make more money;  
 and second, to overshadow the fame of Wash-  
 ington.

We may see how likely he is to succeed in  
 both wishes when he makes General Butler  
 his Warwick. General Butler is, more than  
 any other Republican politician, in the line of  
 making money, and he has added to his merits  
 the saying that he is not opposed to a third  
 term for the Presidency. General Grant be-  
 lieves that if he can have three terms he will  
 have been more famous than Washington by  
 one term, and richer than he now is by at least  
 one-third more money.

Meanwhile, Republicans are sensitive to  
 disgrace, pained by outrages to their senti-  
 ment, and weak because they have not the  
 courage to criticise themselves by leaving a  
 party which has been untrue to them. And  
 the better class of Republicans in Congress  
 sit stupidly by, afraid to offend Grant and  
 afraid to offend public opinion. They supinely  
 confirm men like Simmons, and as soon as pos-  
 sible rid themselves of the discredit of having  
 done so.

They do not know which way to turn. The  
 only alternative to Grant is Sumner, and they  
 have brutally put themselves on record  
 against the latter. They hope by clinging to  
 the Administration to save themselves. But  
 when, next Fall, the party that opposes Butler  
 will claim victory at the polls, they will be  
 found upon the winning side.

**CURRENCY NOTIONS IN THE  
 RURAL DISTRICTS.**

IN reviewing the opposing ranks of those  
 who favor contraction of currency, on the  
 one side, and those who, on the other, would  
 inflate it, one cannot fail to notice the remark-  
 able fact that these are divided almost by  
 geographical lines. Thus, it is common to say  
 that the West and the South are the advocates  
 of inflation, while the Eastern States are for  
 contraction—or, at least, for letting the cur-  
 rency remain as it is. Yet, looking more

closely into these divisions of opinions, we  
 find that the large cities in the South and West  
 do not share the views popularly, and with  
 truth no doubt, attributed to their sections of  
 the country. In fact, Chicago, St. Louis,  
 New Orleans, and other large centres of com-  
 merce, so far as their opinions are reflected  
 in their leading journals and the expressions  
 of their Chambers of Commerce, unite with  
 New York, Boston and Philadelphia in vehem-  
 ent opposition to any further inflation of the  
 currency. We are thus obliged to make a  
 stricter division of the two classes. On the  
 one side we find the immense agricultural dis-  
 tricts of the South and West, and on the other  
 the large cities of those regions uniting with  
 the Eastern States in one common sentiment.  
 In short, it is town against country, wealth  
 against numbers, practical knowledge of the  
 matter against theory and ignorance.

But a mere statement of conflicting opinions,  
 and classification of those who with equal  
 honesty and earnestness uphold them is far  
 from being satisfactory, unless we can also dis-  
 cover some sufficient reasons why the line of  
 demarcation is so closely drawn; what there  
 is, in fact, in the agricultural mind that leads  
 it in an affair in which both have a common  
 interest to conclusions totally at variance  
 with those held by the leading cities in the  
 Union.

It is hardly enough to say that the agricul-  
 turists are as a general rule the borrowers of  
 the accumulated wealth of the towns. That  
 this is true is evident from the "stay laws"  
 prevailing in many, if not all, of the Western  
 States, rendering the collection of a judgment-  
 debt against the farming class almost an im-  
 possibility. But it is not sufficient to account  
 for the phenomena in question, because if an  
 expanded currency were the equivalent of  
 increased wealth it would be a benefit alike  
 to town and country, whereas such expansion  
 obtains favor among the farmers as a sup-  
 posed benefit to themselves, irrespective of  
 the good or evil it may cause to others.

Perhaps we may gain some clue to the true  
 solution of this question if we consider the  
 different aspect which mere currency bears to  
 those who use it in the city from that which  
 it assumes in rural districts. When the far-  
 mer has sold his crop of grain, let us sup-  
 pose, and has delivered it to the nearest  
 market, which is generally the nearest rail-  
 road elevator, he receives from the purchaser  
 its value in currency, greenbacks or that of  
 the national banks. This roll of bills he car-  
 ries home and hides in some secure place.  
 Its amount in successive seasons is the measure  
 of his own shrewdness, and of his social im-  
 portance among his neighbors. No wonder,  
 therefore, that any system of finance by which  
 a larger number of bank-notes can be added  
 to his store meets the approbation of the  
 average farmer, and has his warmest support.  
 He forgets, or has never been taught, that  
 this currency, which to him is a reality, is  
 in its very nature merely representative; that  
 its only benefit to him is as a medium of ex-  
 change, and if because of its redundancy in  
 the country he has received more in exchange  
 for his crops, so when he comes to purchase  
 he will receive less in exchange for it, leaving  
 him in no better position than before.

To the inhabitants of cities, whether capi-  
 talists or men in the ordinary pursuits of  
 commerce, currency has a far different mean-  
 ing. Experience has taught them that its  
 value is typical, not real; that its principal  
 use is as a circulating medium; that when  
 hoarded it is useless; and that even when  
 accumulated it is only the measure of wealth,  
 and not wealth itself.

To explain to our farming readers the var-  
 ious ramifications of trade in which currency  
 plays sometimes a leading, sometimes a subor-  
 dinate part, would require more volumes than  
 we have lines to spare. We should have to  
 prove to them, what everybody here knows,  
 that capital is not currency, but that currency  
 forms a fractional part of the capital of the  
 country; that profits are not represented by  
 actual currency in a merchant's safe; and  
 that surplus profits are always seeking invest-  
 ments in what will yield further profits. Let  
 us assure our country friends that the richest  
 men in our cities are not those who have the  
 largest actual number of greenbacks, and that  
 in their reflections on the subject of finance  
 they may be aided if they will work the true  
 solution of the following problem: That a  
 large capitalist may, measured by the cur-  
 rency he has, be poor; while, on the other  
 hand, a large possessor of currency may be  
 poor, because he has no means of using it.

We dare not affirm that we have hit upon  
 the true reason of the antagonism that exists  
 on the question of the currency between dif-  
 ferent sections of the country, but judging by the  
 speeches of members of Congress, who claim  
 to represent the opinions of the South and West,  
 we venture to think that what we have writ-  
 ten will apply in part. It is a great pity there  
 should be any controversy about a matter in  
 which all sections have a common interest, and  
 it would be a still greater pity if the mere  
 numbers of the uninformed many should out-  
 weigh the opinions, fortified by experience, of  
 the educated few. A leader of the inflationists  
 claims that our currency is the best in the  
 world. Perhaps, like Mr. Puff, in the "Critic,"  
 when a second morning gun is fired, they  
 think "we cannot have too much of a good  
 thing."

**THE NAVAL DRILL.**

THE great naval drill at Key West is over,  
 and has demonstrated that our navy is in  
 even a worse condition than it had generally  
 been supposed to be.

At Key West the best vessels in the service  
 were collected. There were the *Colorado* and  
 the *Wabash*, built in the days when heavy  
 wooden frigates were in vogue, and even now  
 the most efficient ships in the navy. There  
 were wooden corvettes of the *Kansas* type,  
 monitors both single and double-turreted, tug-  
 boats, and the swift little *Dispatch* steamer  
 which was formerly the yacht of the late  
 Henry Smith. The swiftest, the most formid-  
 able, the largest and the smallest of our national  
 ships joined in the review, and fairly repre-  
 sented all classes of American men-of-war.

The effort to assemble the monitors at Key  
 West showed beyond question their hopeless  
 unseaworthiness. We had fondly hoped that  
 because one of the monitors once succeeded in  
 crossing the Atlantic in a calm Summer month  
 it would be safe to risk the iron "cheese-  
 boxes" at sea in ordinary weather. But we  
 now know that to send a monitor to sea is an  
 act that can be excused only by the direst ne-  
 cessity; and that the crew of such a vessel are  
 in imminent danger of death by drowning  
 whenever they leave smooth water. The  
 monitors are the only ironclads that we pos-  
 sess, and we may therefore decide that we  
 have no seagoing ships capable of coping  
 with foreign ironclads. Our monitors will  
 henceforth remain in our harbors, and until  
 we build seagoing broadside ironclads we  
 must carefully refrain from being kicked into  
 war even with so decrepit a Power as Spain.

As to the wooden ships, the review clearly  
 demonstrated that the majority of them are  
 deficient in steam-power. The evolutions of  
 the fleet were continually hampered by the  
 inability of the slower vessels to keep up with  
 the faster ones. In order that the ships should  
 not fall into inextricable confusion, it was  
 found necessary to reduce the speed of the  
 older and better vessels to four miles an  
 hour. Now, our new men-of-war are actually  
 packed full of machinery. No merchant  
 steamer filled with such engines would have  
 room enough left to carry freight in paying  
 quantities. And yet there is not a merchant  
 steamer trading from this port—with the sin-  
 gle exception of the *Smidt*—that does not sur-  
 pass in speed nine-tenths of all the ships in  
 the navy. Whether Mr. Isherwood's theory  
 of the uselessness of working steam expan-  
 sively be true or not is a question for experts.  
 It is, however, a matter of fact that he has  
 given our men-of-war engines that occupy an  
 enormous space, and produce no proportionate  
 results in the way of speed.

But aside from the faults and deficiencies of  
 the vessels themselves, it is impossible to con-  
 ceal the fact that the great naval drill has not  
 been creditable to the seamanship of our offi-  
 cers and the efficiency of their crews. There  
 are no better sailors in the world than our  
 elder officers—the men who were educated at  
 sea. There are no braver or more intelligent  
 men than our younger officers. But the latter,  
 although thoroughly drilled in the theory of  
 seamanship, lack the practical education that  
 made such captains as Farragut and Porter.  
 We have made the mistake—for it is a great  
 and dangerous mistake—of supposing that the  
 careful study of "Luce's Seamanship" at An-  
 napolis, supplemented by a short Summer  
 cruise in a practice-ship, can make skillful  
 sailors out of the naval cadets. It will do  
 nothing of the kind. There is no royal road  
 to seamanship. The men who are the pride of  
 our navy learned their profession as midship-  
 men at sea; not as students in the Naval  
 Academy. The latter institution has its uses.  
 It would be nearly as great an error to abolish  
 it as it would be to abolish the Academy at  
 West Point. But nothing can take the place  
 of practical experience of professional life at  
 sea, and our naval cadets after their gradua-  
 tion need a three-years' cruise as midshipmen  
 almost as much as though they had never  
 looked into "Luce," or had never practiced  
 with the model.

This, then, is the condition of our navy:  
 The fleet is small. The ironclads are worth-  
 less, except in smooth water. Most of the  
 wooden ships are fatally deficient in steam-  
 power. Many of these are built of poor  
 materials, and are rapidly going to decay.  
 Our younger officers are not the accomplished  
 practical seamen that they should be; and  
 the crews are made up of the refuse of all  
 nations—a fault, however, which is common  
 to all the marine services at the present day,  
 and which it is probably impossible to  
 remedy.

If it is asked why we have not a better  
 navy, the answer is plain. The fault does not  
 lie with the Navy Department; which, having  
 the benefit of the counsel and assistance of  
 Admiral Porter, perfectly comprehends the  
 situation, and is fully competent to devise  
 measures to remedy it. But Congress has  
 always shown a niggardly spirit of economy in  
 regard to the navy, which is fatal to its proper  
 development. Our legislators have grudged the  
 naval officers the rank which they ought to hold,  
 and even the uniform which they wear. Men,  
 otherwise intelligent, have actually pretended  
 to fancy that the American officer who com-  
 mands a fleet could not without danger to the  
 Republic hold a rank relatively higher than  
 that of Brigadier-General in the army, and



that, although his command might be more important than that of any European Admiral, he must be content to let a Rear-Admiral of a fourth-rate Power take precedence of him. Respectable farmers and lawyers, seated in Congress, have felt themselves to be capable judges of the needs of the navy, and have prescribed how many and what sort of ships should be added to it. Every dollar spent on the navy has been grudgingly voted, and the abandonment of navy-yards and the dismantling of vessels have been ordered by men who never saw a ship, and know no better than to suppose that in case of necessity a navy could be improvised out of side-wheel merchant steamers manned by deck-hands from river steam-boats.

We need an efficient navy. To that end we must build new and swift wooden ships, and seaworthy broadside ironclads. We must develop the torpedo system, from which we have reason to hope for important results, and we must make sailors as well as accomplished gentlemen of our naval cadets. But without an enlightened liberality on the part of Congress this cannot be done, and such liberality can hardly be expected from men who, coming from inland villages, fancy themselves better able to judge of the needs of the navy than our officers who have grown gray in the service, and whose patriotism and intelligence are beyond the possibility of question.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

EX-PRESIDENT MILLARD FILLMORE died in Buffalo late on Sunday night, March 8th. He was seventy-four years old. He educated himself; became a lawyer; was a Whig member of Congress, and the parliamentary leader of that body in 1840. He was elected Vice-President when General Taylor was elected President; and, upon the death of that soldier, constitutionally succeeded him. He formed a strong Cabinet, with Daniel Webster for Secretary of State. His administration of the Government was not marked with greatness. He went out of office into obscurity. He was afterwards the nominee of the American or Know-Nothing Party in 1856 for President, with A. J. Donelson for Vice-President. Millard Fillmore was not a great man, but he was as able as the average President. He was in all measures a compromiser. His chief merit is that of having had the law of imprisonment for debt abolished in New York State.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

THE repeal of the resolutions of censure of Senator Sumner by the Massachusetts Legislature was effected by the poet Whittier.

THE newspaper correspondents are busy saying that Congressman William Walter Phelps owns and politically manages the *Tribune*. The truth is that Mr. Phelps holds about \$50,000 worth of *Tribune* stock, as an investment.

PROFESSOR BLAIRIE of Edinburgh, has recently had published a book on self-culture, in which he confesses that he never could learn anything from Thackeray, whose characters, he thinks, have a certain feeble amiability. Professor Blairie was evidently incapable of writing a decent book on self-culture. The vinegar business is his forte.

THE Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, so long as it had a great weekly constituency, was a power in New England. Recently, however, provincial journals have lost much of their weekly circulations, and have become reduced to a reliance upon their daily circulations. In view of this fact, it is said that Mr. Sam. Bowles is negotiating for that gem of typography, the Boston *Globe*.

"A SUBSCRIBER" wishes to know whether the Puritan Fathers burned witches. No. In the first place there were no real witches; and in the second place wood was too dear. They got rid of the accused persons in other and equally barbarous ways. In Boston, we hear, they strangled the so-called witches; but we are glad to say that since Ben. Butler has owned that town, the intellectual activities have taken a different direction.

DR. NICODEMUS BARNES, "S. T.—1860—X," of the Brooklyn *Argus*, is a reformer in the city where he publishes his paper; and he has charged an Albany Senator with unfair actions. Dr. Barnes explains that the charge was merely a rumor. Just before Dr. Barnes established his paper he consulted nearly every journalist he could hear of, from Paris to San Francisco, and he ought to know that a rumor is not a charge any more than "S. T.—1860—X" is started trade in 1860 with ten dollars.

THE Philadelphia journals are fighting hard for the appropriation of national money for the expenses of the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876. The scheme meets with little encouragement throughout the country. Locally, Philadelphia is entitled to the hotel fees arising from the celebration; but there are some people who believe that American patriotism does not concentrate at the Quaker City, and that if the American feeling is what the people want to celebrate, it might as well be expressed at New York as anywhere else. Patriotism is just now very economical.

SENATOR CONKLING is said to be trying to secure fifty-one shares of the *Tribune* in order to make that paper a Republican journal. Mr. Jones, publisher of the *Times*, is very much exercised over this intelligence for fear the eloquent Republican Senator will offer extra inducements to Mr. Louis J. Jennings, the brilliant editor of the latter paper. It is not likely, however, that the stockholders of the *Tribune* will sell enough shares to give Senator Conkling possession. The *Tribune* is now one of the two great journals of the country.

SEVERAL journals, including the *World* and the *Milwaukee Journal of Commerce*, have fallen into the error of supposing that Senator Matt. Carpenter owns the *Milwaukee Sentinel*. This error arises from the fact that Mr. Carpenter tried to obtain control of the *Sentinel* in the interests of his party in Wisconsin, but that the paper was bought up by other parties, who put Thomson out and Botkin in.

We give this week both an illustration and a description of Speer's Endless Railway Train, about which the New York Legislature is now debating. It is proposed to experiment practically with it, so that its merits when presented on a large and regular scale may be seen by the traveling public. If, to the eyes of the legislators, the plan commends itself sufficiently to merit a trial outside of the city, it seems to us that the best interests of the people are to be consulted by letting them see it in working order within the city limits. We show the railway as it appears in practical operation.

THE Republican Chaplain of the Senate the other day made a prayer in which he called upon the Lord to consume the liars who say bad things about our good Senators. We are sorry to say that not one of the Opposition had the spunk to get up and prayerfully pitch into the other side. We are glad, however, that the Republican Party has begun the fight in this new way. We shall soon have Morton addressing heaven in a petition to crush out the specie-payments-men, and Morrill begging that fire shall consume the free-traders. Meanwhile, President Carpenter would have done well, for his own dignity, in the case of the chaplain, to demand that he should address the Chair.

THE New York *Herald*, in the ablest article it has printed in five years, contemplates with considerable logical ingenuity and rhetorical fine art the political signs of the times. It makes General Garfield's recent speech a bungle about which to build a new barrel. The *Herald* believes that the present corruption of party leaders is only a symptom of popular disease. There is, says the *Herald*, a great class of middlemen, composed of agents and government officials, an army of pap-eaters, who carry elections. This class makes up the dominant party. Ben. Butler only represents it. General Grant cannot command it. "What will he do with it?" is the problem. Much depends upon the courage of those who are not middlemen. If the struggle is left between the middlemen and the radical workmen we may easily see the result.

THERE comes a report that Speaker Blaine has secured the influence of the New York *Times* in his campaign for the Presidency. The *Times* is, perhaps, the most original, striking and well-written journal in the country. When speaking of the fact that certain croakers think that the Republican Party is gone the way of the wicked, it electrifies its readers with the startling heading, "Quite Dead." We Americans like good writing, and we congratulate Mr. Blaine upon the enthusiasm which the thrilling English of the *Times* will inspire throughout New England, where Franklin's epigrams and Emerson's suggestions are still remembered. How the men whose pulses were stirred by the eloquence of Sergeant and the massive periods of Webster will gush over the genius which announces, though in rather too tropical a language, that (speaking of the Republican Party) "it would elect a President to-morrow, if it had to do it." Read this sublime piece of satire: "They (Fenton & Co.) talk big." The New England people, however, appreciate plain language, and the *Times* speaks in words as plain as those of Wordsworth and Cobbett. Here are a few sayings of the *Times*, which Mr. George S. Hillard would do well to collect in a style similar to that of Landor's beauties: "We are the more glad;" "The names of some very shocking candidates have been publicly mentioned;" "Explain it how we will—and there are conflicting opinions in regard to the cause—the fact is not to be questioned;" "There is a dullness little less than stagnation in every quarter;" "The Republican Party compared with the Democratic Party is simply perfection;" "Having been convicted of dishonesty themselves, they (the Democrats) think it will be a very good plan to run after the Republican Party shouting stop thief." How the American people in 1876 will rouse and boil and huzzah at the inspiration of the *Times*! The "hard cider campaign" will be forgotten; the enthusiasm with which Tom Corwin used to be greeted will be as a schoolgirl's simper beside the blast which this *Times* Marmion of 1876 will blow upon his bugle-horn. We congratulate Mr. Blaine upon his alliance with the *Times*.

AMERICAN PEDIGREES.

WITHIN the last two generations there have been printed in this country a multitude of volumes upon the subject of family history. There is scarcely a family of any prominence which has not its book of genealogy, compiled with long and assiduous research; and scores of our citizens have spent long years in digging among musty old documents, in scraping the earth away from half-buried gravestones, in chasing from one end to the other of the old country upon the vaguest and most shadowy indications, searching for the scattered links of their family's history. Most of this kind of research has been fruitless, and very few of the older American families have a record extending beyond their emigration to this country. Dry and uninviting as this species of study would be to most people, yet the results are interesting to all. It is a hopeful and comfortable reflection nowadays when we are continually reminded by the men of science that the physical diseases and moral infirmities of man are entailed upon their descendants, that the noblest qualities are not less transmissible from parent to child. There is such a thing as a commendable pride in being able to trace our descent from a long line of worthy men; and even those who do not know who or what their great-grandfathers were ought to take as much interest in such records as those whose names dangle from the wide-spreading branches of the tallest family-trees; for they may be sure that their unwritten family

history is as long, and maybe more honorable, than the most voluminous genealogical memoirs, and that they have an ancestry quite as ancient as the Howards or Montmorencys. It is a subject which broadens the understanding and adds hopefulness and dignity to our views of human destiny. An inquiry into the origin—whether gentle or simple—of those families whose names are most respected in America cannot be without interest.

The history of the Webster family is recorded in a small volume by the eminent lexicographer, Noah Webster, from the time of John Webster, who was Governor of Connecticut, in 1656.

Daniel Webster is from another race. His ancestor was an early settler of Hampton, N. H., and came from Ormsby, Norfolk County, England.

The family of James Buchanan is descended from one of the numerous branches of the great Scotch family of that name. One of his ancestors sold an estate in Scotland and settled in Ireland; and his son, General Thomas Buchanan, came to America in the last century and took up his abode in Cumberland County, Pa.

Ex-Senator Foote, who was prominent in the Rebellion, traces his descent from Richard Foote, a brother-in-law of Bradshaw the regicide.

Hon. John Wentworth, of Chicago, and other prominent bearers of this name, are descended, through several colonial governors and other magistrates, it is said, from a cadet of the family of the Earl of Stafford.

The Bowdoin family, from which Bowdoin College has its name, are the descendants of a Huguenot, Pierre Baudouin, grandfather of Governor Bowdoin, of Massachusetts Bay Colony, whose daughter married Sir John Temple, of Malden, Mass., a prominent figure in revolutionary history. He belonged to the famous Temple family, of which the great Sir William Temple and the late Viscount Palmerston were members, and of which the Dukes of Buckingham are a branch. Their descendants bear the name of Bowdoin in accordance with the will of Governor Bowdoin.

The name of Prentiss, illustrated by the orator, Sargent S. Prentiss, is first found in colonial annals represented by Valentine Prentiss, of Roxbury, Mass., in 1631.

The Sumner family, which gave Massachusetts Colony a governor, and is represented in our time by Senator and General Sumner, migrated in 1604 from Bicester, in Oxfordshire, England.

The Dana family sprang from Richard Dana, who lived at Cambridge in 1640; but they are unable to discover even the land from which they originally came, for the name is unknown in England.

Late investigations have completely disproved the formerly received genealogy of the Washingtons, which derived them from the North of England baronets of the name; and the Father of his Country is as entirely without a pedigree as the obscurest democrats among us.

One of the most curious phases of this search after pedigrees is the belief which has seized upon the minds of many, as soon as they awoke to the idea that their families had an existence as families before they came to these shores, that they must find large estates awaiting them in the old country. The Houghton family, not many years ago, sent an agent over to England, to establish their claims to the property of their ancestors who came to this country in 1640, and were not a little surprised to find that there was no property waiting for them to step into it. Among others, the Willoughby and Ingraham families have formed associations for the purpose of investigating similar claims; and the Holt family, when they assumed that they were the heirs of the family of Chief-Justice Holt, with singular credulity based their claim upon a pedigree which was entirely without foundation.

CONCERT AT STEINWAY HALL.

MISS ISABELLA BRUSH, the young American *prima donna*, whose success in opera has been most decided in Florence, Milan and Brescia, will sing in concert at Steinway Hall on the 18th March, instead of the 10th, as previously announced, and it is to be hoped that her compatriots will place the stamp of approval on the reputation she has acquired abroad. Her voice is fresh and pure, and of extended compass. Her musical instruction has been of the best; she has great dramatic power; is but twenty years of age, and is as exquisitely beautiful in face as she is graceful and commanding in figure. With these advantages—natural and acquired—our young countrywoman may reasonably expect success in the career she has chosen.

CONGRESSIONAL.

MONDAY, March 24.—SENATE.—Resolutions presented from Chicago merchants for and against inflation... Centennial Bill taken up and debated without result. HOUSE.—Bill introduced to limit franking privileges to newspapers... In Committee of the Whole, the House considered Bills repealing tax on watches and bank checks.

TUESDAY, March 25.—SENATE.—Financial question laid over for Centennial Bill, which was further considered. HOUSE.—Bill to prevent extermination of fur-bearing animals in Alaska passed... Bill to regulate commerce among the States taken up.

WEDNESDAY, March 26.—SENATE.—Liquor Traffic Bill taken up and discussed... Mr. Carpenter argued in favor of his Bill for a new election in Louisiana... Consideration of Centennial Bill resumed. HOUSE.—Inter-State Commerce Bill argued... Codification Bill considered at evening session.

THURSDAY, March 27.—SENATE.—Centennial Bill considered. HOUSE.—Note on Franking Bill reconsidered, and the bill rejected, 111 to 120... Legislative Appropriation Bill debated without result.

FRIDAY, February 6th.—SENATE.—Bill introduced to appropriate \$10,000 to District Investigating Committee, and referred... Resolution on Cheap Transportation called up... Liquor Commission Bill passed... Currency Equalization Bill considered... Centennial Bill defeated. HOUSE.—Many private Bills passed... Resolution introduced to invite foreign Governments to an International Exposition, and referred to Committee on Appropriations... More documents relating to Sanborn Contracts furnished by Secretary Richardson.

SATURDAY, February 7th.—HOUSE occupied with debates and private Bills.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

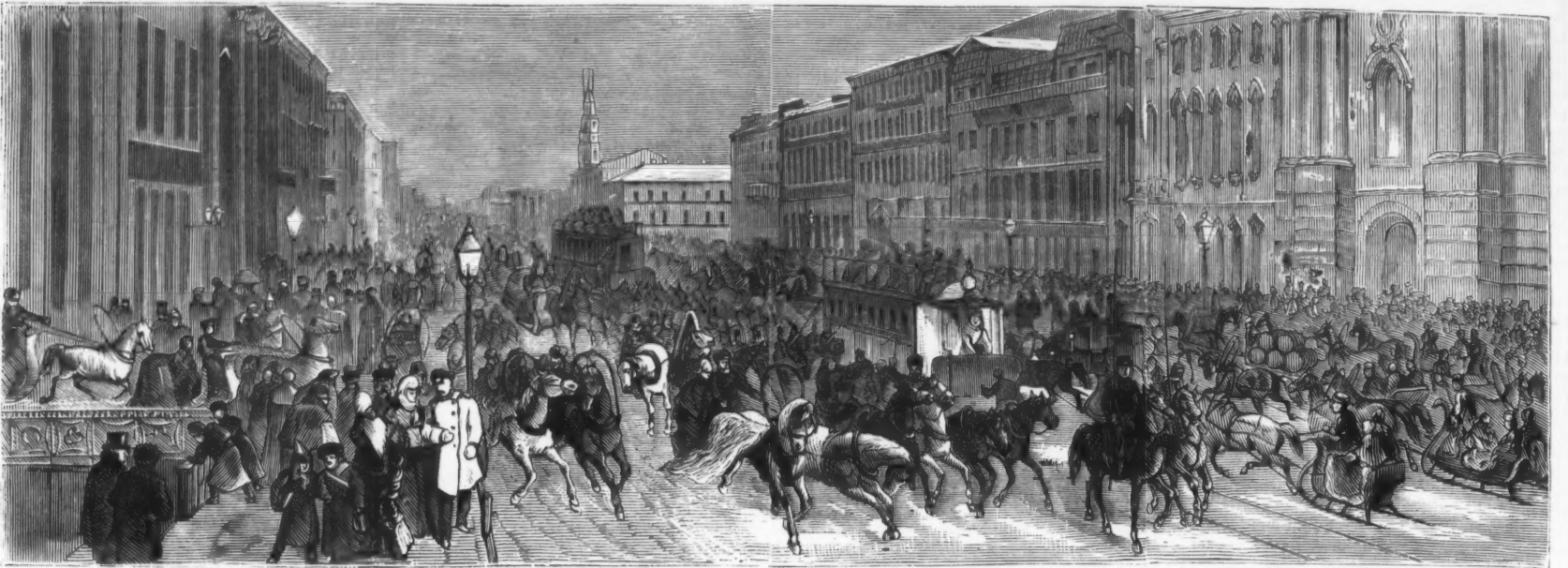
THE Grand Trunk Railroad of Maine has received from England 400 patent car-wheels, made with spokes, instead of being solid, and having steel tires. It is claimed that they will wear much longer than the common ones... Two men at Mink Grove, Wright County, Ia., split from the heart of a perfectly sound tree, nearly four feet in diameter, several feet from the ground, a pair of Indian moccasins in a good state of preservation... An unsuccessful attempt was made to burn a schoolhouse at Rochester, while 300 children were in it... The strike of the Erie brakemen has been settled by a compromise in favor of the men... Prohibition candidates for State officers have been nominated in Ohio. The woman's crusade against intemperance is steadily spreading... A buck deer ran a race with a railroad train near Guttenberg. For two miles it was neck and neck, when the deer disappeared in the woods... Congress has given the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad 144,613 acres of Wright County lands... In a section of Wetzel County, West Va., about thirty miles square, a newspaper of any kind never appears... Six quarts of Minnesota earth were placed under a stove, and several thousand grasshoppers were hatched out. After being subjected to twenty degrees of freezing, they were thawed out as lively as ever... The only mill in Kensington which was running at last accounts is now closed, and the striking employes of the various establishments have voted to stand firm... All danger of a flood on the Ohio River has been averted by the clear and colder weather... Two hundred and seventy-two fires in Boston last year damaged buildings to the amount of \$812,196... One hundred and twenty men residing in six counties in California own 3,140,000 acres of land... An aerolite of twelve pounds weight recently fell in the vicinity of Marysville, Cal., which was so hot that it could not be handled for some time. It came crash through the tree-tops with a bright flash, and was found buried eight feet in the ground... A dispatch from Galveston reports the killing of twelve Indians in a recent fight... Temperance meetings were held in several churches and in a Houston Street play-house. Dr. Dio Lewis addressed a small audience at Cooper Institute... The New York street-cleaning investigation was resumed, the evidence relating mainly to Commissioner Charlick's sunken lands... The front of a Broadway building was blown out by an explosion, and three persons seriously injured... The naval drill at Florida Bay has ended... The temperance crusade has begun in Philadelphia, and Worcester, Mass... Rafferty, the murderer of a Chicago policeman, was hanged... The members of the Palette Club "warmed" their new quarters, corner of Twenty-second Street and Madison Avenue, on Saturday evening, March 7th. Representatives of all the art clubs in the city, and many of the art critics of the Press, congratulated the members on the beauty of their new habitation.

FOREIGN.

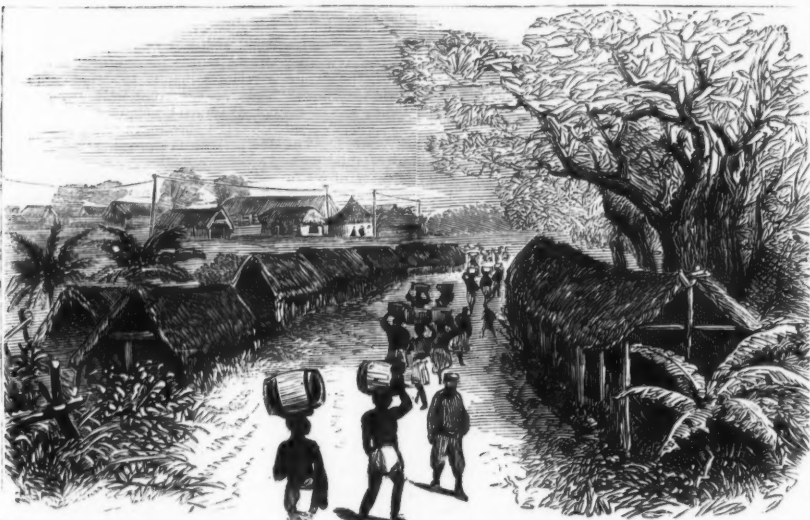
A VIENNA telegram says that 30,000 workmen are out of employ. A large workmen's society, called the Voice of the People, has sent a memorandum to the Government and the Reichsrath, urging that practical measures should be adopted for the relief of the increasing distress... The Chinese Government is trying to raise a navy after the English model, and is building ships to that end... Only one man has ever dared to climb the spire of St. Paul's Church, London, though £20 is offered to any one who will repairst the ball... From the first of October to the middle of January there was not one cloudless day this season in Italy... The last excavations made in the neighborhood of the Temple of Venus, at Rome, have led to the discovery of the road which led in a straight line from that building to the Coliseum, and of some steps conducting to the vestibule of the former... Havana hackmen, following the example of some of their American brethren, recently struck for better compensation; but they very quickly came to grief. A paternal government would stand no nonsense, so the cavalry was ordered out to compel the strikers to resume their whips... A new weekly illustrated paper is to be started in London, to be called the *Illustrated World*. It is to take a medium position between the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic*, and the illustrated penny papers... The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal says that fully 1,070,000 persons are starving to death in the districts affected by the famine... A body of Republicans was defeated by the Carlists near the village of Somorostro, in Spain... There was a boiler explosion in England, by which twenty persons were instantly killed and thirty injured... The Washington Club, Paris, has a roll of two hundred resident, and twice as many non-resident, members... American newspapers and magazines are now generally taken at the leading clubs in London. Five years ago a book or paper published in the United States was a rarity at English clubs... Germany is to have a Signal Service Bureau... The authorities of Florence, Italy, have been erasing seditious inscriptions which had been secretly written on the walls. Some of these were in large letters, as follows: "Scoundrels! unless you want to die, give the people work." "Via National, More work and fewer votes!" "Curse the carnival, for I am hungry!" "Death to Peruzzi!" "Death to the King of Italy!" "The Republic for ever!"... The statistics of Prussia show 2,976,496 families; 2,278,724 horses, and 8,012,170 horned cattle... The claimant of the Tichborne estate has been found guilty of perjury and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. Salutes were fired in England when the conviction of the claimant became known. In one place cannon burst and several persons were killed or wounded. The claimant's counsel meditates an appeal to the House of Lords... There has been a large fire at Panama. The loss is estimated a million dollars... Queen Victoria and her Ministers have congratulated Sir Garnet Wolseley on his victory over the Ashantes... General Moriones was unable to dislodge the Carlists from their position before Bilbao... President Serrano and Admiral Topete have gone to Santander... The Island of Ceylon had its first census taken, from which it appears that the population is 2,500,000... An album has been presented to M. Thiers by the French residents of New York... The French Court of Appeals has decided against the claim of Naundorf, who called himself Louis XVII... The Canadian Board of Trade recommended that measures be taken for the protection of the fisheries... The citizens at Strasbourg demand of Bishop Raess the resignation of his seat in the German Reichstag. M. Gueber, and six other delegates to the Reichstag from Alsace and Lorraine, have published a manifesto repudiating Bishop Raess's course... A dispatch from Victoria, British Columbia, states Decimus and Roscoe, the recently elected members to the Canadian Parliament, are both supporters of the Government. The result so far is satisfactory, as it indicates loyalty to the Dominion. The other elections, however, remain to be heard from. Paris was very gay the first ten days of the present month... The flow of gold towards France is exciting attention abroad. The value of money in Paris is now much higher than in the cities of the Continent with which it is usual to compare it... The *Canadian News* says the discovery of large deposits of rich iron ore in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario is rousing attention to the subject of iron manufacture in Canada... The Bombay *Gazette* says that the study of Shakespeare is becoming very common among native students of India.



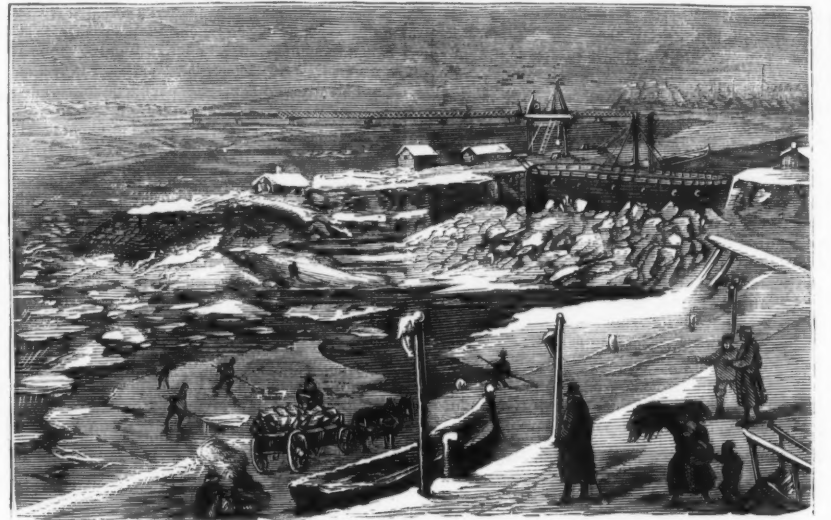
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 23.



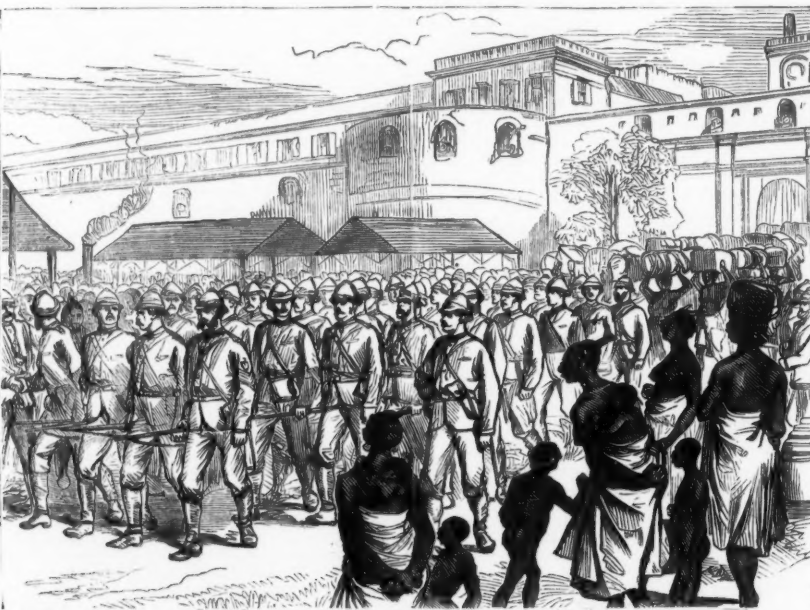
RUSSIA.—ST. PETERSBURG—THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE.



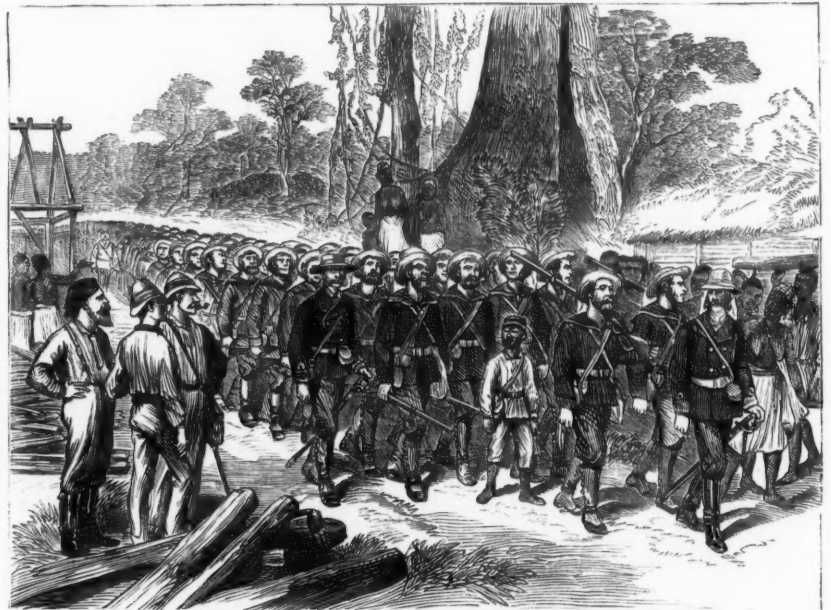
THE ASHANTEE WAR.—INQUABIM, THE FIRST STATION ON THE ROAD TO THE PRAH.



NUSSDORF.—THE SHIP PLACED AT THE MOUTH OF THE DANUBE CANAL TO PREVENT THE INFLOW OF ICE.



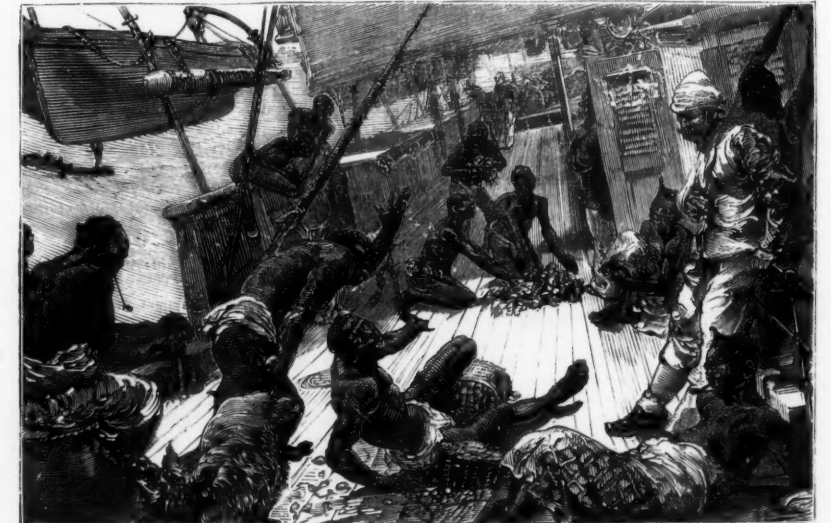
AFRICA.—ASHANTEE WAR—BRITISH TROOPS LEAVING CAPE COAST CASTLE FOR THE FRONT.



AFRICA.—ASHANTEE WAR—ARRIVAL OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE AT PRAH-SU.



AFRICA.—ASHANTEE WAR—EMBASSADORS CROSSING THE PRAH.

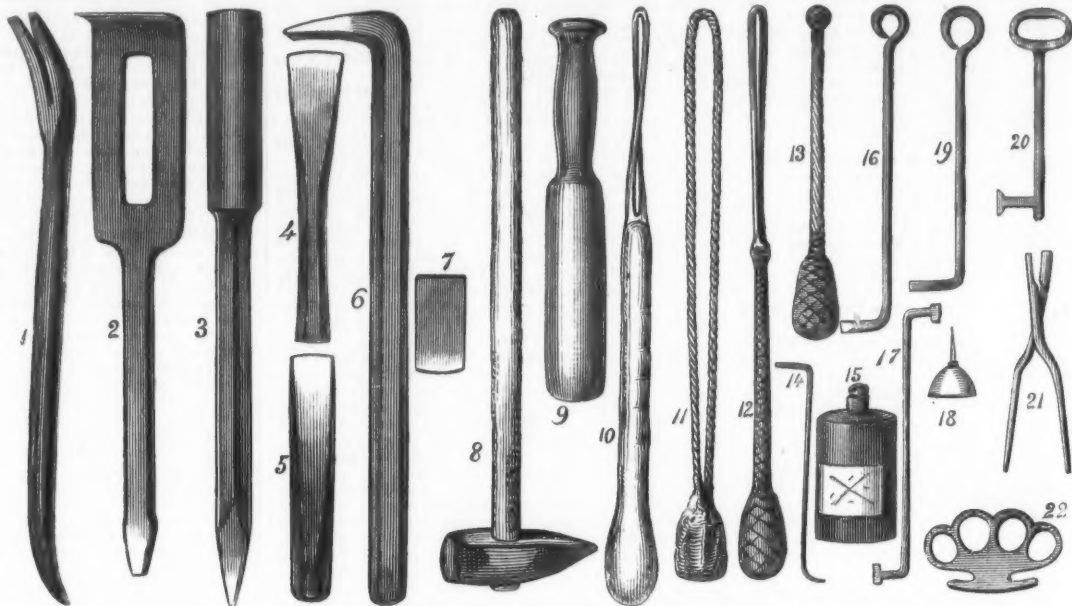


AFRICA.—ASHANTEE WAR—ON BOARD SHIP AT JELLAH KOFFEE.





THE ROPE LADDER—REACHING A SECOND-STORY WINDOW.



1 Claw jimmy 2 Jimmy used for digging walls and turning bolts. 3, 6 Sections of large jimmy detached. 4, 5 Chisels. 7 "Little Alderman" Wedge. 8 Sledge-hammer 9 Loaded club 10 Sand-bag. 11, 12, 13 Various styles of the slung. 14, 17 Double skeleton-keys. 15 Powder-can. 16 19 20 Skeleton keys. 18 Oil can. 21 Nippers for turning keys. 22 Brass knuckles.

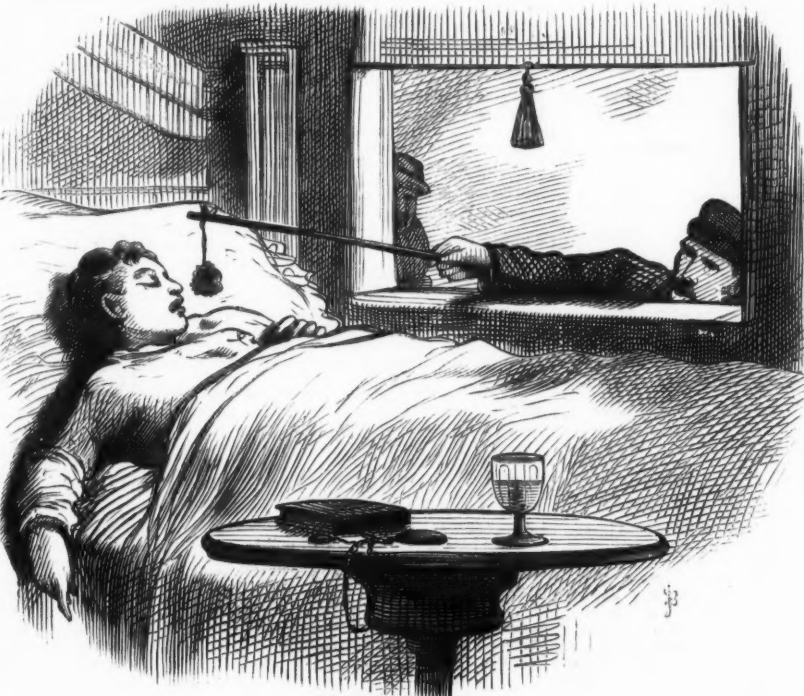
IMPLEMENTS USED BY BURGLARS—AN OUTFIT OR "KIT."

the ground releases the hooks and the ladder falls. It not unfrequently happens that these ladders are so constructed as to be readily carried in a coat-pocket. When the ladder can be attached from the ground, one operator mounts to the window while his "pal" stands below to guard against a surprise by the "cops," as the police are called. It is generally supposed that iron or wooden shutters are proof against any illegal intrusion; but while they present some obstacles they afford the burglar a requisite opportunity of developing the scientific phase of his business. The nail and bolt heads on the outside of a shutter indicate pretty clearly the exact location of the catches on the other side. Where the shutters are of wood, such as are used with basement windows, the burglar takes a long thin knife, not unlike a paint or putty knife, and presses it into the slight crevice by the catch. The blade is so pliable, that on striking a portion of the bevel, or the "rise" on the sill, it bends upwards. Then by

BURGLARS OF NEW YORK.

A BURGLAR'S complete "kit" or set of working tools displays a wonderful mechanical taste. It is a matter of much uncertainty whether the skill of the mechanic who endeavors to construct burglar-proof safes, locks, shutters and window-fastenings is not surpassed by that of the mechanic who fashions tools for the use of burglars in breaking through these proof obstructions. Nearly every haul of "kits" exhibits tools of an improved pattern. This is particularly true with reference to skeleton-keys.

The principal implements used by burglars are shown in one of the engravings. There are in addition a brace and bit, a large assortment of drills and punches, jacks, clamps of various designs for stripping off the bands of a safe, a heavy sledge-hammer, a bottle of chloroform or ether, with sponges, and other articles that a successful practice of the profession has rendered necessary. Ladders are constructed with ropes and steel, iron or wooden foot-rests, or, as in the case of that shown, of short pieces of steel wire bent into rings at the end, and lengthened out like a surveyor's chain. They fold up into small compass. The end intended to be attached to a window-sill is supplied with two iron hooks. Some are capable of being thrown up by hand without making any unusual noise, while others are attached by hand from within a building when it is necessary to provide means of escape. In all cases a slight jerk from



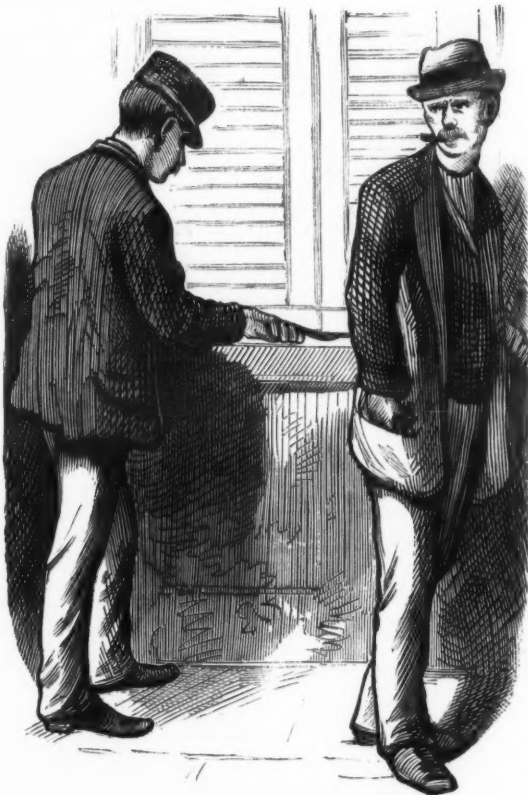
CHLOROFORMING SLEEPERS.

moving it carefully from right to left the catch will be detected, and but little force is required to lift or push it on one side.

With iron shutters the brace and bit are brought into play, and a hole drilled, almost noiselessly, in a few minutes. Then a wire is introduced, when by cautious feeling the bar is struck, and a little wrist-power will throw one end out of its "home."

The catch on the window-sash is sprung in a manner similar to that on the shutter, except that the blade of a small penknife will frequently press the arm out of place.

Having overcome the difficulties of effecting an entrance, the first duty of the burglar is to discover if there are persons sleeping in the room. Should there be such, and should the bed be so placed that the burglar could not operate without awakening the sleepers, the anesthetics are introduced. A small piece of sponge soaked with chloroform or ether is suspended by a string from a cane or other stick. This the cautious operator swings about from his perch by the window, if there is no open door or window opposite to create an outward draft. A little experience will enable him to judge when the victims are sufficiently under the influence of the valuable assistant to permit him to search after "swag" or plunder. In passing from an entry into a room burglars practically expose another human delusion. It is customary with the traveling public on retiring in their hotel-room to turn the key of the door so that the limb is as nearly as possible above the hole. With this they feel assured that no one can enter, because no strange key can be inserted while the regular one is in, and the latter cannot be pushed out from the other side because of the position of the limb. Burglars find the same precautions taken in



SPRINGING A SHUTTER.

private residences as well as hotels, and laugh at the delusions of a nervous public. Then they take a pair of nippers, like No. 21, insert them in the keyhole, seize the end of the key with the grooved points, and slowly twist it around until the bolt is forced back. Thus the door is unlocked, from the entry or another room, with its own key. Articles that attract the eye are stolen, the thief passes out and re-locks the door, thankful for the assistance rendered by the victim through leaving the key in its place.

The language used by burglars is an ingenious specimen of slang. As they work in gangs, each party has what might be called a distinct vocabulary. Thus, there are a dozen names for a single instrument, and a like number of secret alarms for the protection of the operators.

By examining the engraving of implements the reader will become sufficiently familiar with the tools to understand the very interesting operations that will be pictured and described in our next issue.



OPENING A ROOM-DOOR.



SECURING PLUNDER, OR "CLEANING A CRIB."



## ALL IS WELL.

HER windows opened to the day,  
On glistening light or misty gray,  
And there at dawn and set of day  
In prayer she kneels;  
"Dear Lord!" she saith, "to many a home  
From wind and wave the wanderers come,  
I only see the tossing foam  
Of stranger keels.

"Blown out and in by Summer gales,  
The stately ship with crowded sails,  
And sailors leaning o'er the rails,  
Before me glide;  
They come, they go, but evermore  
Spice laden from the Indian shore,  
I see his swift-winged *Isadore*  
The waves divide.

"Oh, Thou! with whom the night is day  
And one the near and far away,  
Look out on yon gray waste and say  
Where lingers he.  
Alive, perchance, on some lone beach,  
Or thirstily, beyond the reach  
Of man, he hears the mocking speech  
Of wind and sea.

"Oh, dread and cruel deep, reveal  
The secret which thy waves conceal,  
And ye, wild sea-birds, hither wheel  
And tell your tale.  
Let winds that tossed his raven hair  
A message from my lost one bear—  
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer,  
Or dying wail!

"Come! with your dearest truth shut out  
The fears that haunt me round about;  
Oh, God! I cannot bear this doubt  
That stifles breath.  
The worst is better than the dread;  
Give me but leave to mourn my dead  
Asleep in trust and hope, instead  
Of life in death!"

It might have been the evening breeze  
That whispered in the garden trees,  
It might have been the sound of seas  
That rose and fell;  
But, with her heart, if not her ear,  
The old loved voice she seems to hear,  
"I wait to meet thee—be of cheer,  
For all is well!"

## DEATH IN LIFE;

OR,

## THE FUTURE OF A FORGERY.

## CHAPTER XXXV.—BROKEN DOWN.

CLEMENT WHIPPLE was the only one of the three who professed to understand Mrs. Blister's persistency in her refusal to give up Nellie in spite of the heavy pressure that had been brought to bear upon her. Her will was not yet broken, he said, and it must be completely crushed before she would yield. She might yet find some loophole of escape, and it was necessary that they should not relax their efforts to find Nellie without her assistance.

Those efforts met with no success. No favorable report was received from the police, to whom Nellie's description had been given. The detectives had been able to get hold of no clue. The driver of the carriage had been found; but his story agreed with Mrs. Blister's. He had set down the two ladies at the point up-town which she had named, where the elder had paid the carriage-hire, and they had said that they preferred to walk. After that he had not seen them, and there was no trace of them.

If the particulars of the disappearance should be made public, it was probable that some one would be found who had seen the ladies at some point of their progress, and a clue could thus be obtained; but it was thought advisable not to publish them until another interview should be had with Mrs. Blister. A watch was set upon the Blister mansion, and men were kept in readiness to follow whoever should come out, and learn where they went to.

Thus the day and night passed without any further developments, and the morning arrived which had been set for the final interview with Mrs. Blister.

Curtis reached the Henshaw house at an early hour, and in a state of considerable excitement. "Something has happened," he said—"something extraordinary. I am not at liberty to tell you what it is; but you will soon learn, and I am quite sure that Mrs. Blister will give in now. Mr. Tisdale is going with us, and will join us on the way."

Excited by this mysterious communication, and by their desire to see the equally mysterious Mr. Tisdale, Whipple and Henshaw hastily made ready, and set out with Curtis in the direction of East Broadway.

Curtis stopped at a house on the route, and came out with an old gentleman with white hair, ruddy face and blue spectacles, whom he introduced to his companions as Mr. Tisdale. Clement Whipple thought that there was something familiar to him in the countenance of this old gentleman, but could not recollect that he had ever seen him before. Anxious as both the young men were to know something more about him, and to understand the reason of the interest he had taken in their affairs, they could not break in upon his reticence, and he and Curtis walked in silence behind them.

They were not refused entrance at the Blister mansion, but were admitted by Mrs. Blister, herself, who had evidently been crying, and appeared to be in the deepest distress. When she had seated them in her parlor, she faced them like a hunted and wounded tigress.

"So you have come to insult and torment me again!" she said; "as if I had not trouble and distress enough without this. Which of you has stolen my son? I ask all of you, and charge it upon all of you. The night has passed, and he is not here, and you are responsible for him, some of you."

As the younger men stared at her in amazement, she fixed her fiery glance upon Peter Tisdale, and stepped forward, outstretching her long arm, and pointing at him with her forefinger.

"Who is that?" she exclaimed. "Take off those disfiguring glasses, old man, and let me see your eyes!"

The old gentleman quietly removed his glasses, and Clement Whipple, who was looking at him closely, started up with an exclamation of surprise.

Mrs. Blister shrunk back; her arm fell to her side; the color fled from her face, and she trembled violently.

"It is Maurice Whipple, or his ghost!" she said. "It is not his ghost, I am happy to inform you," replied the old gentleman. "It is Maurice Whipple, himself, in person, and at your service."

"Is it really you, father, and alive?" asked Clement, as he grasped the old man's hand.

"Alive and hearty—the Lord be thanked. And are you alive, too, my son? This is strange. It is

peculiar. Let us be thankful. And let us now attend to the business that has brought us here. My errand, madame, is the same as that of my son and my son-in-law. I want my daughter."

"Give me my son!" angrily replied Mrs. Blister. "Is it you who have stolen my boy?"

"By no means; but I happen to know what has become of him. He is alive and well."

"You have kidnapped him, then?"

"Not a bit of it—he has kidnapped himself. You must permit me to explain. It is a shocking affair. Knowing the youth as I now know him, it is not surprising to me, but is none the less unpleasant and peculiar. My sleeping-room is on the ground-floor of the house in which I lodge. I could never sleep up-stairs. You and Clement may remember that peculiarity of mine. In that room I keep a safe, and my papers and other valuables. Lately I have been handling large amounts of money, and that fact has been known. Of course my room has been a temptation to burglars; but I have not been afraid of them, as I knew that no one could enter without awakening me, and I have always been well armed. Last night I was awakened by the forcing of a shutter. The noise was very slight, but sufficient to put me on the alert. Then I was convinced that a pane of glass was being removed, and I quietly slipped out of bed with a pistol in my hand, and took position near that window. I knew that nothing larger than a boy could get through the opening that was being made, and was quite sure that I could master him and thus frighten away the others. Thus it happened. As soon as the boy had been pushed through the window, I caught him, and his confederates took the alarm and fled. He screamed and kicked and scratched and fought like a young catamount, until his outcries aroused the inmates of the house, who came with lights, and he was secured. I was surprised to perceive that he was a well-dressed lad; also to discover that his face was familiar to me. I need not explain where or how I had seen your son, madame. He gave his name, and made a confession. It appears that the restraints of home had not pleased him, and that he had long wished to make a trial of life on his own account. He had formed the acquaintance of some young scoundrels, who had introduced him to some older scoundrels, who had persuaded him to undertake this job of villainy; but the enterprise was not a success. This has been a long story, madame; but I have made it as short as possible. The youth is now in custody, and it remains for you to say what shall be done with him."

Mrs. Blister had been ashy pale during this recital, and now all her pride and fierceness and anger had left her. Quite broken down, she stretched out her hands towards Maurice Whipple, while tears flowed from her eyes.

"Can this be so?" she exclaimed. "Yes, it must be so. Whatever you may have been, I never knew you to lie. Let me go to my boy! For God's sake, take me to him!"

"Certainly, madame. Mr. Curtis will take you to him. He will have a carriage here by the time you are ready, and the boy will be released—on one condition. You understand the condition. A child for a child. Give me my daughter, and you shall have your son. We will remain here until you return."

Mrs. Blister said nothing, but hastened out of the room and up-stairs. Maurice Whipple gave some instructions to Curtis, who went to a neighboring livery stable to procure a carriage. When Mrs. Blister came down-stairs, the carriage was at the door, and she entered it with Curtis and drove away.

"This is turning out very strangely, father," said Clement, when they were gone. "As you say, it is peculiar; but your appearance on the scene puzzles me more than anything else. Not having seen you since I was a boy, I would hardly have recognized you if it had not been for Mrs. Blister. Have you never been dead at all?"

"No more than you have, my son. I became convinced that I could never discover Nellie while I was alive, and determined to see what I could do after death. That affair of yours was another inducement. When I learned that those papers that caused your trouble were in the hands of David Byars, I knew that you had no chance against him, and that he would hunt you down unless you could be helped in some unexpected manner. I decided to make my will and die, leaving a good sum to you and your sister, hoping that the money coming in that way would be the means of discovering Nellie and of putting you on your feet. My old friend Tom Savage helped me in this plan, and did his part well. I knew that you were not lost in that railway disaster, as Savage had sent a man with you to look after you, who went back to Boston when you did. Curtis was that man, and he has kept watch of you ever since. I have done since my death and under another name what I could not have done while I was living and under my own name. While you were in Europe I went to South Carolina, where I made investigations concerning the death of Henry Dorrington, and I brought the negro nurse to New York. The hardest work that I have had has been my campaign against David Byars; but I was defeated at last, and I cannot imagine how the victory was won. You must not suppose that I gave you and Nellie all I had, as I am worth a million besides that. I say nothing of a profitable hold I have upon Byars, as I mean to give that up. But we will have time enough to talk over these matters, and to tell each other what we have to tell."

The three men conversed until the noise of the returning carriage sent them to the window, and they saw to their great joy Curtis alight with Nellie Henshaw, and Mrs. Blister with her son Mackwitz. The young wife was soon in the arms of her husband, and Mrs. Blister clung tightly to her scared and sullen boy.

Dr. Blister was not easily disturbed in his researches and experiments; but the arrival of Mackwitz brought him up from his laboratory in bewilderment, and he was surprised at seeing such a company collected. Maurice Whipple explained to him that Mackwitz had been lost in the city, and returned to his home as soon as possible.

"As it was at my house that the lad was found," he continued, "I have taken some pains to seek his parents, and was rejoiced to discover that his mother was a lady with whom I had been acquainted during her youth. She was nearly distracted with a loss of him, and displayed the tenderest sensibility. Your wife is a fine woman, Doctor Blister, and you ought to cherish her and be proud of her."

The professor, after his German fashion, clasped his wife and child in his arms, and was enthusiastic in his expressions of affection.

"I cherish and admire her!" he exclaimed. "She is my love, my angel, my life and my soul. I am thankful for the restoration of my son. He is a boy of intellect, as you must have perceived. He was named for the great Mackwitz, whom all the world knows."

As Mrs. Blister was glad to discover that her former husband did not propose to interfere with the harmony of her domestic relations, she added nothing to his explanation, but silently permitted him to depart, with Nellie and Henshaw, and Clement and Curtis.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.—WINDING UP.

As the party went towards Mrs. Henshaw's house, Nellie gave a brief sketch of her abduction. She had left the carriage to walk with her mother, as Mrs. Blister had stated, and had been induced to enter a house near the East River, where she found herself a prisoner, in charge of an old woman, with no chance to escape or to communicate with her friends. Her mother had given her no explanation, and she had not been able to get any information from the old woman, and was naturally surprised and indignant and miserable until she was released. She was yet more surprised and indignant when she was informed concerning her mother's conduct and probable purpose, but was no longer miserable, as she was restored to her husband.

When they reached Mrs. Henshaw's, and when Julia and the old lady had made an end of hugging her and shedding tears over her, she was introduced to her father and her brother, and the story of each was told to her. This was a fresh surprise, and a very joyful one, as may be supposed. She who had so long considered herself an orphan and a dependent, almost nameless and friendless, had gained not only a loving husband and friends of the truest, but a father and a brother of whom she might well be proud.

But there was a slight dash of sadness mingled with her gratification. She glanced distrustfully and earnestly at her father, and at last ventured to speak the thought that was in her mind.

"Now that you have come to life, father," she said, "I suppose you will be wanting to take my money away from me; and I was so anxious to keep it for Charles!"

"No fear of that, little one," replied Mr. Whipple, with a laugh. "I would not be able to take it from you if I wished to do so. I have enough of my own, and will be more likely to increase your investments than to diminish them. Now that I have my family again, I hope that we will all be as happy as it is in our natures to be, and that we will forget our injuries and forgive our enemies; but I think, Nellie, that it will be safest to keep away from your mother hereafter."

Nellie was of the same opinion, and as Mrs. Blister held no further communication with the Henshaw family, there was slight danger of a collision between her and her mother. She and her husband continued to reside with Mrs. Henshaw, who proved to be a model mother-in-law, treating Nellie as her own child, instead of treating her as her son's wife, which is a distinction with a pretty strong difference.

It was not until several days after he was stricken down that David Byars recovered sufficiently to be able to attend to his business. In the meantime he was surprised to perceive that his house was not obliged to suspend, nor was there any effort on the part of any of his creditors to push him to the wall. On the contrary, everything went on as usual at the office, and his clerk brought him an important paper, which proved to be full release from all his contracts for the delivery of South Atlantic stock.

Charles Henshaw, through the agency of a broker, settled the Rock Island contracts that he held, by allowing Mr. Byars to pay him what they had cost him, and no mention was made of Clement Whipple in the matter.

It was several months after his recovery that David Byars learned that Maurice Whipple was still living, and he then knew who had been his antagonist in the South Atlantic campaign. He was completely humbled by his defeat, and gradually withdrew from active business, making a sincere effort to be a Christian in heart, as well as in belief, in life as well as in form.

Maurice Whipple, also, withdrew from active business, and made no more ventures in the stock market. He urged Julia Henshaw to marry Clement as soon as possible, because he wished to have a home in his old age, and he would live with none but them.

They were married, accordingly, a few months after Clement's arrest. When the ceremony was ended, a few of the party retired to a private room, where, in the presence of Nellie and her husband, and of Clement and his father, Julia burned the two strips of paper which she had taken from David Byars's safe.

"That is my dowry, Clement," she said, as she joyfully saw them consume.

"You have given me two lives," he said, "your own and mine, and I ought to be satisfied."

Mrs. Blister, defeated in her plans, plotted no more, but devoted herself to her husband and child, striving to correct the faults of the boy's nature, and so to train him to usefulness in the world that he would not stand in need of a fortune from his parents.

THE END.

## THE LOVE OF CLARENCE ARMITAGE.

ARMITAGE MANSION had crumbled to melancholy ruins, but in the days when its gray walls stood firm and straight, mantled and caressed by clustering ivy, it was gay with mirth, laughter and good cheer; and it happened, once upon a time, that the heir of all the broad lands, that stretched as far as the eye could see, was coming home.

Gayly he rode through the woodland bridge-path, one careless hand holding the reins, the other his lifted cap, while the Autumn breeze tossed his golden curls from his forehead, and the flecks of Autumn sunlight sifted through the leaves on his fair young face, not dulled a whit by his college studies, but bright with boyish beauty.

In Armitage Woods the burs and long, brown leaves were falling from the chestnut-trees, and, ankle-deep in the carpet beneath, Grace Armitage and Sylvia Bennet awaited his coming.

The girls formed a beautiful contrast as they stood there, arm-in-arm—Grace, tall, fair and queenly, with pearly skin, dark satin hair, and deep gray eyes, a sweet face, tinged with no rustic color, only rose-pink in the proud lips; Sylvia, petite and brown—brown in her rippling hair, brown in her velvet eyes, brown in her dark skin, bright with dusky bloom.

They had been friends from early childhood, when they came, two orphaned girls, to the shelter of the hospitable mansion—Grace, by right of relationship, Sylvia, to a charitable refuge. Friends, yet it may be that, in these days of womanhood, Grace walked a little proudly in the sunlight of her future; that Sylvia felt a little the chill of its shadow.

Be that as it may, they waited, arm-in-arm, for the fair-haired boy, with whom they had rambled through the woods and meadows, three happy children. And he had come. Lightly he flung himself from his steed, and greeted each with a kiss; yet, even in that moment, there was a quiet deference in his manner that said to Grace:

"You are my girl-cousin no more, but a stately woman, whom one must worship at a distance."

As for Sylvia, she was "little Sylvia" still; and her small, brown fingers were clasped in his as the

three went up the garden together to the house, where the parents waited to welcome their son.

Time went by, bringing its changes to wood and meadow—changes to human hearts as well; and the old parents, lifted above all fleeting passions of youth, looked on serenely, knowing little what had come to pass, planning their boy's future happiness after their own fashion. He was quite a boy yet, and would be for many and many a year; but when he had come to man's estate, they had chosen a paragon of loveliness and wealth to be his fitting mate, his companion and helper when they should have left him lonely.

Only the old walls yet knew the secret that Grace Armitage discovered suddenly. Coming in from a brisk ride, she bade adieu to her cavalier at the door; and, riding-whip in hand, her habit lifted on her arm, swept through the wide halls, and laid her hand upon the oak-door of the dining-room.

The sight within made her pause. Enconced in the wide window-seat were Clarence Armitage and Sylvia Bennet, hand-in-hand, and, though Grace could not catch a word, it was very plain of what they whispered, in the light of the dying day, for the man's voice rose and sank, tender, earnest, pleading, the very music of love—the minor music of love's distress.

Even while she looked, the little brown fingers were snatched away from the strong clasp that held them, and Sylvia Bennet hurried from the room, unheeding the woman who drew her riding-habit back into the shadow, and there were tears upon the round, brown cheeks.

She despised the love of Clarence Armitage! He to prefer plain little Sylvia before her lovely self! Grace marvelled greatly. A purpose sprung to life in her bosom. Clarence Armitage had overlooked her for another, so far beneath her, so plain, so commonplace. He should sue for her in vain.

She glided in, and took her seat within the window. The orange sunset faded, but against the background of the blue-black sky and skeleton trees two figures had still sat when an hour had passed, their faces lighted only by the fitful blaze of the fire in the broad chimney. Grace Armitage had cast her nets with gracious speech for the heart that had been offered to little Sylvia Bennet. She vowed within her own breast, come weal or woe, she would win for her own the love of Clarence Armitage.

It was a curious pastime. Begun in pique, it became the object of her life. Now fast, now loose, now in her very grasp, now looking through his eyes, she saw his heart, now fluttering from some broken thread of speech, but never quite her own. Other suitors came and went. Sylvia Bennet's cheeks grew pale. There was some eating sorrow at her heart. If it had been that she slighted the wooing of the heir of Armitage, she was surely pining for it now—dying a slow, still death.

The words Grace Armitage had longed and waited for came at last. They had ridden away among the young Spring meadows—Grace and Clarence. Sylvia, plying a weary needle, lifted her eyes to watch them far into the distance. She lifted her eyes again when they alighted, flushed and glowing, and the two glances made Sylvia's day. There was a trouble on her sweet young face, not sorrow alone, nor jealousy, but a sense of pained wonder. Grace vaguely caught, but could not read, its meaning.

Sylvia's pretty head still bent above her sewing when the day was waning, and at the broad window in an upper hall Grace Armitage stood looking out toward the iris hues of the sunset, her gloves still held in one hand, her dark-green habit lifted on her arm, her white-plumed hat not yet removed. There was triumph in her heart and a feverish happiness, but all was not right. She had agreed to a clandestine marriage. Why, she hardly knew, though Clarence had spoken somewhat confusedly of his parents' wishes in regard to a beautiful young heiress whose estates were worthy of his own.

No triumphal bridal pageant such as she had often dreamed of. They were to come back, hand-in-hand, and receive a blessing. Grace had yielded so readily, she wondered at herself, and the crimson color that stole upon her face as she stood looking out upon the sunset was partly a flush of shame.

But he was hers, entirely hers; no one could rob her now. So thinking, she turned to see a crouching figure stealing from Sylvia's room.

A thief surely, with that stealthy step, bending, gliding. Some vagrant who had found his way unbidden into Armitage Mansion. Nay, the heir of Armitage. And while Grace looked, the shape was lost in the shadows of the long hall. Here was a mystery, but she feared to fathom it. She would not try.

The die was cast. Her path was chosen. She could not, would not, turn aside even to question.

That night a carriage waited in the woods of Armitage, and Grace, from her chamber-window, listened for a given signal, the fragment of a wild-bird's song. It came. In glistening silk and milk-white lace, with pearls upon her arms and neck, and in her glossy hair, she stood before her mirror for a moment, then snatched a heavy cloak, and closed her chamber-door behind her.

Was there no question of his love or honor in her heart, no fear to stay her footsteps? No thought of the white face that would greet her coming home, the troubled face of little Sylvia Bennet? Had she no tender, softening memories of the days when they three played together in the woods of Armitage?

Some thought has made her pause. She lingers for a moment at the door of Sylvia's room. She opens it! She enters! The moon is there before her, flooding floor and ceiling with its white radiance, lighting up an ashen face and pale lips that are moaning even in their sleep. Poor Sylvia! There is, indeed, some heavy trouble at her heart.

Her left hand lies beneath the pillow, and Grace, stooping to listen to her moanings, draws it gently from its hiding-place. A plain gold ring is on her finger—a wedding-ring. She startles wide awake, sobbing aloud.

"Oh! Grace—dear Grace! What does it mean?" she cried, as she caught at the floating lace, and the bracelet of glistening pearls. "I know that something has happened—that something is happening. Tell me what it is. For sake of the dear old times—or your own sake, Grace!"

"You will soon know, Sylvia. I could not help it, even if I have hurt you. We were made for each other."

"Made for each other! Clarence and you! He has not dared. He would not. Tell me I am mad. Tell me I am dreaming. This is his wedding-ring upon my finger."

Sylvia rose from her white couch in trembling haste. In a moment more a light was blazing. Her desk was open, and she bent above it eagerly; then sank with a wild cry to the floor, burying her face in her hands. Grace trembled now. She remembered the figure that had crept from Sylvia's room, and the truth forced itself upon her, though she would willingly have doubted.

"The proof of our marriage is gone!" sobbed Sylvia. "My Clarence has betrayed me."



Then she drew the other's face close, close to hers, and whispered in her ear.

Grace Armitage knelt beside her with an icy shiver. Her eyes were tearless. Her proud lips curled. She gathered the pretty, sorrowful face to her bosom, and Sylvia's brown arms clasped her fast. They sat together thus till the moonlight faded from the sky, till the light of the lamp grew wan and ghostly before the dawning day. Once a pair of eyes peered in upon them from a sturdy chestnut-tree without, but they knew it not.

In Armitage Woods two restive horses champed their bits and pawed the ground with eager hoofs, but long before the dawn their flying feet had spurred the road, through hills and valleys, miles away, bearing their master with them. Never to come again, though father and mother waited, longing, hoping, forgiving; never again, though they slept their dreamless sleep, and the broad lands were ownerless.

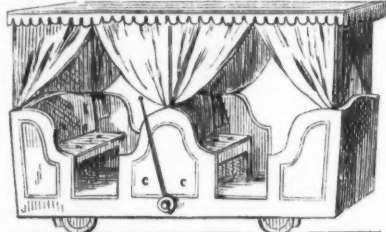
What may have been his fate none ever knew; whether he died by flood or fire, in storm, in pestilence, in battle, in the flush of youth, or when old age had cooled the fitful fever of his blood. And so Grace won and lost the love of Clarence Armitage.

An honored matron, a queen of wealth and fashion, she sometimes came to visit the time-worn mansion when strangers dwelt within its walls—came as a penitent pilgrim, sorrowful at heart, to kneel beside a grave, to scatter flowers and tears upon it.

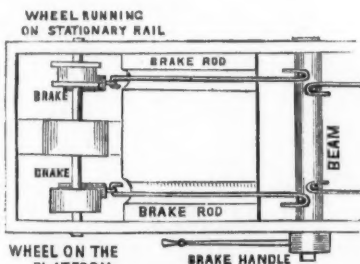
"Sylvia, wife of Clarence Armitage," is graven above it, and beside it is a tiny, nameless stone.

#### SPEER'S ENDLESS RAILWAY.

THIS invention is described as an endless perpetually moving elevated train, or belt, of light platform cars, each eight feet wide and thirty or forty feet long, closely coupled, so as to form a continuous platform moving up one side of the street and down the other. One-half of the floor of the train will be left uncovered, forming a sidewalk for the use of pedestrians. A railing extends up and down on either side of the train, reminding one of a sidewalk fenced in. Drawing-room apartments will be erected on the space adjoining the sidewalks at proper distances, for ladies and others who do not wish to promenade or sit on the outside. The proposed speed is ten or twelve miles an hour. And if a man going up-town wishes to walk on the train, his actual speed, if he travels four miles an hour—the train going twelve miles an hour—will be sixteen miles an hour. It is evident that a belt of cars extending up one side of the Bowery to Central Park, thence down to the Astor House, running at this speed, would be useless for most people, as they would not be able to get on or off. But small, light transfer cars, holding eight persons, are to be distributed along the route. These cars, or transfers, as they are called, move on four wheels, having independent axles, and running partially on a fixed rail and partially on a rail fastened to the moving train. In other words, a rail is laid on the inner side of the elevated trestle, and the other on the continuous train. The little transfer cars run on these two



TRANSFER CAR WITH COVERING.



SECT. VIEW OF THE BRAKES.

rails on a level with the floor of the trains. They are the chief feature of the invention. When one wishes to alight, the conductor of the little car sets his brake, and the two wheels running on the rail fastened to the train cease to revolve, and the car, being held to the train by friction, runs entirely on the stationary rail and moves with the train. The passenger steps on to it, the brake is thrown off and applied to the wheels running on the stationary rail, when the car gradually stops, and he alights, the train moving on. With these little cars, passengers can get on or off at any corner of the streets.

The track is supported by fancy iron pillars, neatly painted, fourteen feet high, planted along the curb line of the street. The train will project four or five feet over the street, and the same distance over the sidewalk below, leaving a surface of about twelve feet between the train and the buildings.

Commensurate staircases will be built on the corners, and one can always find a train going up or down town at the rate of from twelve to sixteen miles an hour.

In summer the open portion of the train will be provided with awnings and ordinary seats. Enough drawing-room apartments and ordinary sitting-rooms will be provided to seat all the people, even if they should all ask to sit at once. The variety of accommodations are to be more like those on a steamer than any of the present railways. Mr. Speer proposes to have drawing-rooms every hundred feet; some of them to be fitted up with toilet-rooms exclusively for ladies, and placed in charge of female attendants. Gentlemen will be provided with smoking-apartments at convenient distances.

The conductor of the little transfer cars will collect fares before the passengers step into the train.

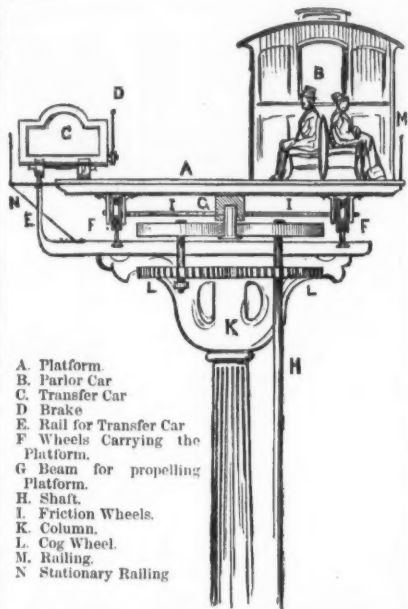
The whole train is driven by stationary engines placed below the ground, about a mile apart. Instead of driving it by endless chains, it will be done by friction rollers, so that should it become necessary to stop one of the engines, it would not interfere with the other engines, or with the working of the whole. It is proposed to have each engine with one-quarter more power than is required, so that in case one or more engines get out of order the reserve power of the others can be brought into use and supply the amount of power required.

The power is connected between these engines

and the moving train above by shafts that will run up through iron pillars, and be out of sight. The engines are connected one with another by a telegraph line of signals, so that should it be necessary to stop the train the conductors of the transfer cars can touch the telegraph signal and every engineer along the route will be notified instantaneously.

This train will go up on one side of the street and down on the other, or up one street and down another. At the two termini of the route it will go round a block, so as to make the long curve necessary for an easy turn. The whole will run with very little or no noise, and it will offer no obstruction to the street, while it will relieve the thoroughfare, and render it possible to go from one end of the city to the other in a few minutes. It is impossible for some men to view this enterprise in any other light than foolish and visionary, in attempting to run from one end of the city to another such an immense endless belt.

It is claimed that accidents will be almost impossible.



It is claimed that the cost of the enterprise will be trifling compared with the underground tunnel or viaduct roads, hitherto proposed.

As the train extends continuously through the streets, horses will never be frightened, and noise will be prevented by covering the wheels with hide or rubber. They are not to be more than eighteen inches in diameter. The rails are to be hidden out of sight.

The following letter from Charles H. Haswell, City Surveyor of New York, is the opinion also expressed by others:

Office of Charles H. Haswell, Civil Engineer and City Surveyor, Consulting and Superintending Engineer, No. 6 Bowling Green, New York, December, 12th, 1872.

ALFRED SPEER, Esq. Sir.—I have examined and considered the design of Rapid Transit for street passengers and light freight, as submitted by you, and confining myself wholly to a professional investigation of it regarding which my views are alone asked for, I submit as follows.

1st. The design is wholly novel, and quite practicable. 2d. By the introduction of hard wood rails, which in this design will fully meet the wear upon them, and by inclosing the circumference of the running wheels with gutta percha, hide, or a like substance, the natural objection to an overhead transit, in consequence of the noise, will be fully met. I am respectfully, Yours, etc., CHARLES H. HASWELL.

In the foreground of the cut the train is supposed to be going from right to left: on the right side the train is coming down and on the left going up town. It will be noticed that on the down track in the distance passengers are stepping from the train in the transfer seat, and at the lower station the seat has been brought to a stand-still, and passengers are stepping from the transfer seat to the station platform. In the foregoing on the left persons are getting on the transfer seat at the station, preparatory to go up town, and further up they are alighting from the transfer seat, which travels along with the train at the same speed.

#### DEVIL'S CANYON AND GEYSER PEAK.

##### A TRUE STORY.

THERE is a deep gorge just north of Geyser Peak known as Devil's Canyon. The Hog's Back Range is its southern boundary, and a high mountain separating Big Sulphur Creek from the canyon forms its northern wall. The stream which runs through the gorge tumbles over a rocky bed of boulders hurled in wild disorder from the adjacent mountains. Little Sulphur Creek comes in from the southeast, sweeps round the foot of Geyser Mountain, forming a half-circle, and is joined by the water from Devil's Canyon. In the fork of the two streams rises Geyser Peak, 3,470 feet above the sea level, a bold landmark, familiar to all residents of this and Russian River Valley. The old Foss trail to the Geyser Springs wound round its crest, from which thousands of travelers from all parts of the world have looked down into the gloomy depths of Devil's Canyon, the scene of the adventures we are about to relate.

Years ago, when Santa Rosa was a scattering hamlet, when only here and there a fence obstructed travel in any direction over the broad untilled plains, a well-known pioneer citizen, still a resident of this township, started to visit a sheep-ranch on Big Sulphur Creek, just beyond the section first described. He was dressed in the half-Spanish, half-American style peculiar to the ranchers of that day. His horse was lithe, muscular and high-spirited, caparisoned after the California style—a head-stall of hair ornamented with colored tassels, a bridle with heavily plated Spanish bit and fastenings. About the horn of the saddle was coiled a rawhide riata.

Leaving the site of the present town of Healdsburg, the rider took an obscure trail leading north-easterly in the direction of his sheep-camp, which he expected to reach before sundown. The trail led over spur after spur jutting out from the main range of the Mayacamas Mountains. Before the traveler realized the fact the lofty hills above and around him were clothed in the purple hues of a Midsummer sunset. When winding around the narrow trail on the eastern face of Geyser Peak, the sun sank beneath the horizon. The canyon beneath him looked dark and uninviting—wedge-shaped, like a valley turned edgewise in the hills. Between

him and his destination Devil's Canyon and the ridge dividing it from Big Sulphur Creek still intervened. He commenced the descent on a trail not followed without care even by the broad light of the sun. Urging his horse, he was soon amid a grove of lofty pines, whose crests, first below the level of vision, soon after formed a dark bulwark behind him. He reached and crossed safely the rocky bed of the stream, and commenced to ascend the opposite side, which was precipitous and bare. It was now quite dark. He trusted solely to the instinct of his horse, which struggled up the steep ascent sure-footed and strong of wind. His dog, a constant companion, kept close beside him.

After some time he reached a place which afforded sufficient standing-room to rest his tired horse. Supposing he was near the summit, he forced the horse, which manifested a strong desire to go in a contrary direction, along a way which seemed to the rider more smooth and direct. Passing over the level space, he perceived they had commenced to descend, and supposed that he had crossed the summit of the ridge, when he felt that his horse was slipping: its fore-feet were extended and haunches down. Faster and faster they went! Realizing the danger as they came beneath the branches of a stunted oak, the rider sprang from the saddle, holding in his hand the riata, to which he clung with the instinct of despair; one end was about the horse's neck, and the bright caught round the oak on the opposite side of which the rider had fallen.

Hand over hand, by the stout raw-hide, he climbed up the steep ascent, and grasped the tree. The riata, relieved of its heavy strain, rattled around it; there was a thumping sound as the horse endeavored to hold his footing, a crash and breaking of brush, a wild, half-human shriek, an instant of appalling stillness, and then a crushing thud! Terrified at his narrow escape, the traveler remained he knows not how long, clinging to the friendly oak, cold beads of sweat rolling down his forehead. He groped his way up the hill, clinging to the undergrowth, cutting, as occasion required, a foothold with his knife, reaching the summit in safety.

The light of a waning moon, which rose above the horizon, enabled him to find his way down the mountain to Big Sulphur Creek, which he followed up to his sheep-camp, located near the place where the Cloverdale and Geyser Springs Toll-house now stands.

Next morning he returned to the scene of his frightful adventure, and found where he had left the trail, and turned to the direction of the precipice. Below the stunted but firmly-rooted oak a track was broken through the chaparral. Descending the base of the precipice, he found, wedged in the jaws of Devil's Canyon, the body of his gallant steed crushed to a jelly! The dog had found and apparently remained beside the dead horse through the night. With a mingled expression of pity and pleasure it crouched and fawned about the feet of its master.

#### FOREIGN PERSONAL.

Mrs. DICKENS, wife to the great novelist, was a Miss Katherine Hogarth, and was two years the junior of her husband. When young, she had a pretty, innocent face, but, like innocence generally, her countenance was decidedly inexpressive. As she grew older she grew *embonpoint*, and the great drain upon her physical constitution by her excessive maternity made her indulge in the modified stimulus of Scotch ale and Guinness's stout. Like all vain and ostentatious men, the author of "Pickwick" was deficient in that dignified repose and self-respect which men like Carlyle and Wordsworth possess. He, therefore, was nervous and unbalanced when in fashionable society, and thought that the company present had nothing to do but to watch him and his. We will not go so far as to say with Lockhart, "that, being born in low life, he never felt at ease in higher society;" nevertheless, his morbid sensitiveness and egotism often put the popular novelist in the position of Scrub in Colman's comedy, "I know they are talking about me, they are laughing so comically." Mrs. Dickens was the eldest of three sisters. The others, Fanny and Georgina, were both handsomer and livelier than she was, the latter being the youngest, and of a very vivacious and energetic nature—indeed, she was the very antipodes of Mrs. Dickens. Fanny died suddenly, of heart-disease, while she was waiting for her brother-in-law, Charles, to take her to the theatre. The shock was so terrible to him that he suspended the publication of "Nicholas Nickleby" for nearly six weeks. On his separation, in 1858, from his wife, Georgina became his housekeeper, and devoted herself to the care of his children. She had, however, previous to that period, relieved her married sister from most of her household cares. Mrs. Dickens was the mother of ten children, and lived with her husband nearly twenty-five years. It will be remembered that Dickens was sitting with Georgina Hogarth at the dinner-table when he was stricken by the fit from which he never recovered.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### PRINCIPAL STREET IN ST. PETERSBURG.

We give here a good view of the largest, and at the same time most characteristic, street in St. Petersburg, which has recently been made more interesting to Englishmen by the marriage ceremonies of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna. As may be observed, it is entirely different from American streets. It is cramped, irregular, and does not look like a business street. The architecture is different from ours, and bespeaks antiquated taste, and the work of an ancient people. Although the Russians are called the Yankees of the North, just as the Japanese are the Yankees of the East, their material progress is slow, and the architecture of their cities is behind the time. Russian architecture is very magnificent and elegant, in some respects, but it does not afford such comfort for families, or facilities for business, as our style of building does. There are few streets in St. Petersburg that are subjected to, or could stand, the pressure of business travel on one of our busy streets.

##### ASHANTEE WAR.—INQUABIM.

Inquabim is a little village of huts on the line of the road from Cape Coast Castle to the Prah. It is the first station, and is used as a camp by the troops and couriers which are constantly going back and forth. It is in a very hot region of country. At night the dew is so heavy that it soaks through the heaviest blankets.

##### BRITISH LEAVING CAPE COAST CASTLE.

Cape Coast has been made the British headquarters, and since they have been domiciled there it has assumed a somewhat civilized appearance. The British have brought the civilizing influence of steam and electricity with them, and the results have been marvelous. It has been one perpetual holiday and round of sight-seeing for the natives since the advent of the British troops. They go about gazing on their strange visitors and conquerors, and their stranger accoutrements, as if they were there for their especial behoof and gratifica-

tion. Our illustration represents the departure of a regiment on its way inland to join the main body of the army marching on Coomassie.

#### THE ICEBOAT AT NUSSDORF, AUSTRIA.

Vienna, the capital of the Austrian-Hungarian Empire, lies on the River Danube, which has from the year 1612 until 1871 over one hundred times completely overflowed the city. To prevent this, the German Emperor, Rudolf II, had the bed of the Danube dug deeper, and ordered a canal to be made. This canal, however, has often been the source of overflow, especially in winter time, when the ice collects.

#### THE NAVAL BRIGADE AT PRAH-SU.

Our illustration shows the naval brigade of 700 men, which was sent from Cape Coast Castle to reinforce Sir Garnet Wolseley at Prah-Su, on their arrival in camp at the latter place. They are dressed in coats of dark blue, with waist-belts, and three or four straps over the shoulders, to which are hung water-bottles and filters, ammunition-pouches, and haversacks for their ration of food. Their costume is entirely distinct from that of the troops. These marines make gallant, efficient soldiers, but they are not good for marches.

#### EMBASSADORS CROSSING THE PRAH.

No view of the Ashantee ambassadors crossing the Prah on a visit to Sir Garnet Wolseley shows the manner in which rivers are crossed in that primitive and savage country, even by dignitaries and mighty men. It is a much pleasanter and safer mode of locomotion than it looks to be.

#### ASHANTEE WAR—SCENE ON SHIPBOARD.

This scene on board ship, where the British were taking in provisions at Jellah Koffee, on the west coast of Africa, exhibits, in the best light, the fun and good-nature of the Kroomen, the British allies. As we all know, live stock are apt to be obstinate when asked to take a sea-voyage, and object very strongly, and sometimes forcibly, when compelled to do so. Consequently, a Babel of sounds filled the air—goats bleating, pigs squealing, sheep baaing, poultry cackling, and, above all, negroes yelling to their hearts' content. Pigs ran between the legs of corpulent men, unconscious of the gentlemen were prodded in the back by the horns of enraged goats, and fowls dodged their pursuers in the cleverest fashion. The whole scene resembled an ebony pantomime, saving that every one, quadruped or biped, used his lungs to the utmost. The Kroomen are jolly fellows, anyway, always laughing and talking, but they are lazy and cowardly. They are also highly odorous, and the officers were obliged to refuse to allow any one's servant to wait on him at table, as a couple of dozen behind the chairs in the cabin would have rendered the room intolerable.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

SCREWS of all ordinary sizes are now made in England by rolling bars of heated iron between two peculiarly grooved plates. Two boys with one machine are able to make 29 cwt. of fish-bolts for railways, by this process, in nine hours.

EXTENSIVE steel-works will soon be in operation at Martin's Ferry, O. It is intended to make steel direct from the muck bar by a process invented by Mr. Smith, the manager of the concern. This article, it is claimed, will be equal in quality to the best tool steel.

ABOUT twenty acres of new land are being added to Boston at Commercial Point. Already a line of piles 500 feet long has been driven, on which a bulkhead of stone is to be placed by submarine divers. The piles were cut off six feet under water by a simple but novel contrivance.

A CEMENT for iron and glass is made with the following ingredients: Copal varnish fifteen parts, drying oil five parts, turpentine three parts, oil of turpentine two parts, liquefied glue five parts. After all these have been melted in a water-bath, ten parts of slaked lime are to be added.

THE oldest stove, probably, in the United States is that which is still in use at the Capitol in Richmond, Va. It was made in England in 1770, and was sixty years in the House of Burgesses in Virginia, before it was removed to the Capitol, where it has been for thirty years.

THE British Society of Arts offers its gold medal, or \$100, for the best "revolution indicator." It must be capable of showing the number of revolutions marine engines are making, at any hour of the day or night, without the necessity of counting or comparing with a watch. The 1st of June is the last day for competition.

NEW BLIGHT ON FOREST TREES IN WESTPHALIA.—The beech trees of Westphalia have recently been attacked with a new form of blight, which, beginning on the bark, finally covers the whole tree with a snow-white down, killing it. This down, under the microscope, is found to consist of fine threads of wax, which, both in its composition and in its melting point, is very similar to the Chinese wax secreted by a small insect.

NEW POTATO DISEASE.—A form of the potato disease which has prevailed for several seasons in certain departments of France exhibits itself in a peculiar weakness of growth in the shoots, which attain their usual length but are wanting in thickness. The first leaves are also defective, but the tubers do not appear to be diseased nor affected in quality. A fungus is assigned as the cause, but further investigation is needed on this point.

EXTRACTION OF SILK FROM HALF-SILK RAGS.—Hitherto only all silk material has been worked over, but Dr. Wagner claims to have discovered a process for obtaining silk from half-silk material, which leaves nothing to be desired as to cheapness or rapidity. He also states that the silk extracted does not suffer in quality nor color, and can be rendered suitable for spinning, either alone or mixed with new silk, according to the quality of the material from which it is extracted.

CONVERSION OF CIRCULAR INTO PLANE MOTION.—Professor Sylvester announces a means of converting circular into plane motion, which, it is thought, may be rendered of practical value, in addition to its scientific interest. In a communication to *Nature*, Professor Sylvester states that he would never have hit upon the instrument which effects this result but for the discovery by Paucellier of a mode of converting circular into rectilinear motion, a problem which had previously baffled the attempts of all mechanicians, having been enumerated in the same category of questions to be solved as the quadrature of the circle, and deemed equally impossible.

SEVEN years of patient study have resulted in the invention of a series of machines by which American lead pencils are made, in Jersey City, entirely by machinery. From the time the plumbago and rough strips of cedar and other woods enter the machinery, until they are turned out together, polished lead pencils, ready to be tied up in packages, no hand labor is required. The materials used are all American, the plumbago coming from Ticonderoga, New York State, and the cedar from Florida. The pencils are made of five different grades, and they are said to be of such a quality that they can compete at once with the best pencils of German manufacture. If such prove to be the case, American pencils will have no difficulty in finding a market, for the process by which they are manufactured is the cheapest in the world.





RAPID TRANSIT IN NEW YORK.—SP





BERGHAUS & SHIMPF DEL



## LOVE.

LOVE is not made of kisses, or of sighs,  
Of clinging hands, or of the sorceries  
And subtle witchcrafts of alluring eyes.

Love is not made of broken whispers: no!  
Nor of the blushing cheek, whose answering glow  
Tells that the ear has heard the accents low.

Love is not made of tears, nor yet of smiles;  
Of quivering lips, or of enticing wiles;  
Love is not tempted; he himself beguiles.  
This is Love's language, but this is not Love.

If we know aught of Love, how shall we dare  
To say that this is Love when well aware  
That these are common things, and Love is rare?

As separate streams may, blending, ever roll  
In course united, so, of soul to soul,  
Love is the union into one sweet whole.

As molten metals mingle; as a chord  
Swells sweet in harmony; when Love is lord,  
Two hearts are one, as letters form a word.

One heart, one mind, one soul, and one desire,  
A kindred fancy, and a sister fire  
Of thought and passion; these can Love inspire.

This makes a heaven of earth; for this is Love.

## THE SECRET OF THE COTTONWOOD.

### A TALE OF FLORIDA.

BY FRANK RICHARDS.

#### CHAPTER I.—A BOX.

THE Nineteenth Century was an infant but five weeks old, when, upon a little bluff on the St. John's River, in Florida, at a point nearly due west of the town of St. Augustine, a Frenchman and an Indian sat down upon the sand. They had left St. Augustine the evening before, and, with the exception of a few hours of sleep in the pine woods, they had been walking nearly a whole day. The Frenchman, who was not accustomed to this severe exercise, was completely exhausted, and in a few minutes he stretched himself out on the sand, covered his head with his wide hat, and placed his future entirely in the hands of his companion. This proceeding was not the most prudent thing he could do, for the Indian was a comparative stranger to him, and was not likely to be entirely unaware of the advantages of the usual contents of European docket. But this red brother proved either an honest fellow, or to have doubts of the pecuniary advantages of a tomahawk-stroke on the present occasion, for, after sitting very quietly a short time, he arose and went down to the water's edge. There he began tramping about among the reeds in as lively a manner as though he had not been trudging over the hot sands and through the thick forests since long before daylight. After spending at least an hour in what appeared to be a search after alligators' nests, he returned to his companion, and, squatting down beside him, awoke him with a gentle push. The white man rose with a start.

"What is the matter, now?" said he, as if it was necessary that something surprising should occur before he was to be aroused.

"The canoe is gone!" said the Indian. "What now?"

The language by which these two men expressed to each other their varied sentiments was the very worst kind of broken English, which they had learned from the many English families who had remained in St. Augustine after its occupation by the Spanish. As it would be impossible to reproduce this terribly damaged dialect, we will endeavor to put their conversation into as good English as circumstances will allow.

"Gone?" said the Frenchman, rising to his feet. "I thought you told me that you would certainly find it here!"

"I left it here. I found the place. Tall Duck stole it."

"Tall Duck?" said the Frenchman, supposing, possibly, that the Indian referred to a crane or a heron; but the other proceeded to enlighten him.

"Tall Duck—Creek chief. Came with me across river. Knew where my canoe was. Went back. Took both canoes. Common thief."

"Now, this is too bad!" said the Frenchman. "What are we to do?"

"Go back," said the Indian, pointing to the east. "Cross over," pointing with his other hand to the west.

"We cannot go back," said his companion. "I am tired to death, and as I am careless enough to leave my package of provisions among those pines where I slept, I should starve. What have you to eat?"

The Indian, in answer, produced a small lump of black meat and some half-dozen ship-biscuits.

"Oh, I should starve!" said the other. "We must cross if we can."

"We can cross," said the Indian, "and have little eat first;" and, taking out his knife, he divided the meat into two equal parts, handing one of them with three biscuits to the Frenchman.

The latter hesitated to take the food, but the Indian laid it down on the sand, and walked away to the river, munching his portion as he went.

When the Frenchman had finished his frugal meal, he followed the Indian, anxious to see what he was about, and he found him cutting down young pine trees with which to make a raft. Having no tomahawk, the Frenchman could not be of much assistance, but he did all he could, and in an hour or two they had a wide raft, formed of bundles of small pine trees bound together ingeniously by reeds. When it was finished and floating in the water near the shore, the Frenchman stood and gazed upon it with great suspicion.

"Humph!" said he. "I shall be drowned after I have gone upon that. But I will not be left here, Monsieur Lomrue. We will cross now."

Lomrue was not the name of the Indian, but it was the only appellation bestowed by the Frenchman upon one whose parents had called him "Solemn Waters," and it answered all intents and purposes.

Just as embarkation was about to take place, the Frenchman was seized with another fit of hesitation. He stood upon the bank and soliloquized.

"No," said he, aloud, in excellent French, "I cannot take it with me. Happen what may, it must not be lost. I will leave it here, and return for it in a bateau."

So saying, he took from a large side-pocket a tin box of cylindrical form, firmly soldered up at each end. From his belt he drew his knife, and digging a deep hole in the sand, near the root of a young cottonwood-tree, he deposited the box therein and covered it up.

"Now," said he, "to find this place again."

Lomrue can surely bring me to this spot; but still I must mark the tree."

Fumbling in his pockets, he drew forth a handkerchief, which he replaced. Then came a pair of new moccasins, tied together.

"Good!" cried he: "this will do well. These moccasins, which Lomrue urged me to buy, may now be of use. At least one of them."

Thereupon our Frenchman took one of his new moccasins, which fairly shone with red glass beads, and doubling it up, so as to display as much of its ornamentation as possible, he placed it against the trunk of the young cottonwood-tree, and then driving his hunting-knife through the moccasin and deep into the wood, he left the tree with its gorgeous decoration.

During these operations of his companion, the Indian had stood watching him, but without a change upon his countenance or a word from his lips.

But the precautions of the Frenchman were not yet complete. In his pockets he found a little book and a pencil. On a flyleaf of the first he wrote the following words in French:

"If any one who finds this paper on a dead Indian, or any one to whom it may be presented, will run up the eastern shore of the St. John's River, nearly opposite St. Augustine, he will see near the shore, a cottonwood-tree with a red moccasin nailed to its trunk. Let him dig beneath that tree, and if the tin box he will there find (containing parchments) is delivered to Anna Seabright, at St. Marks, he will receive a good reward."

This paper he gave to the Indian, desiring him to secure it about his person, and if, by evil chance, he, the Frenchman, should be drowned on the passage, to give it to the first white man he should meet. The Indian wrapped it in a piece of skin and put it in his belt.

"Now," said the Frenchman, to himself, "I have done all that is possible. If I die, the Indian may reach the shore; at any rate, he is much more likely to get there, dead or alive, than I am. I can do no more than this."

Then they took passage on the raft.

The trip, at first, was somewhat agreeable. The white man sat on one end of the raft, holding to the logs with all his strength, while the Indian, with the top of a young pine, paddled up-stream. This method of paddling, combined with the steady influence of the downward current, carried the raft diagonally across the river. As they floated slowly from shore, the Frenchman took visual note, to the best of his ability, of the landmarks near the spot where he had buried his box. He thought that when he returned, the next day, in a vessel worthy to be trusted with the precious freight, he could easily find the spot, even if the Indian did not return with him.

Towards the middle of the river they met with a breeze, and the undulating water disturbed the raft very much. Every moment it seemed as if the reeds would give way and the whole structure would separate beneath its passengers.

"This has ceased to be amusing," said the Frenchman, drawing up his legs as high as possible. "Tell me, Lomrue, are these alligators in these waters here?"

"Like the stars in the sky," said the Indian, gravely paddling. "Hold up your legs well."

"Oh!" said the other to himself, "it was not only my legs I was thinking of."

At last, after a weary, weary voyage, during which the night shades fell heavily over the river and the land, the raft touched bottom on the other side. But it did not touch dry land. Many rods of shallow water and deep mud intervened between our voyagers and the hard ground, and through this, with many a grunt and smothered exclamation, they floundered and stumbled. And when they found firm footing, the Indian gave his companion no time for rest. It was now late, and if a night's lodging was to be had, it must be had quickly. Less than an hour's walk through woods, which the Indian seemed to know perfectly, brought the two into an open space near a bend in the river where stood, in unpretending independence, a settler's cabin.

The family who dwelt in this lonely house consisted of an English couple and their two sons, who had cleared a little tract at the back of the house for a garden, and cultivated it whenever they were not too busy shooting deer and roughly curing their skins. But what was much more to the purpose, in the eyes of the travelers, this family was just eating its supper. The Frenchman and the Indian willingly co-operated.

Early in the morning, after a refreshing sleep and a hearty breakfast, the Frenchman asked of his host the loan of a boat in which he might return to the opposite shore. They were surprised at this request, as he had told them that he had only left the other side the evening before. The Frenchman explained that he wished to take the Indian back, and that he would return alone in the canoe. For his further journey he was to seek another Indian guide. This gracious desire to cross the St. John's twice in order to put an Indian on the side which suited him best seemed so ridiculous to the backwoods people that they burst out laughing. But whether he was a silly fellow or not, they could not do anything for the Frenchman, for they had but one boat, and that had broken loose and drifted away a fortnight ago. There was no boat nearer than the Spanish military station, some twenty miles down the river.

The Frenchman reflected. "Twenty miles to walk," he thought, "and twenty miles to return for the box! But it must be done. And Lomrue, he must accompany me. True, his agreement is now at an end; but if I leave him here he will cross the river on his bundle of sticks, dig up the box, and, finding nothing valuable, will throw the whole away. I must not let him leave me until I hold the box in my hand."

Urged by this consideration, the Frenchman prevailed on the Indian (who had agreed to come thus far and here furnish another guide) to accept a dozen reeds and guide him to the military station; and shortly after breakfast they started off. The journey was not a pleasant one, and involved a deal of wading through creeks, inlets and swamps; but at nightfall they reached the station. Here was a half-dozen Spanish soldiers, who were a part of that body called the Orleans, or Louisiana, Regiment, which, under the order of things established at the cession of Florida to Spain, in 1783, controlled the Spanish colonists, not the Indians and the American and English families who still remained in the ceded country. Should any of these civil subjects of the military power object to any particular act of authority, there was nothing to be done but to appeal from officer to officer, higher and higher, until the petition reached the Viceroy of Mexico. And when it got there it is probable it generally lighted the pipe of the Viceroy.

It was too late this night to talk about boats, and the travelers were glad enough when the soldiers allowed them to purchase some rations of the man who acted as quartermaster, and to sleep in a shed near the barracks.

In the middle of the night the Indian turned over and gently kicked the Frenchman in the back. The latter opened his eyes, and his mouth was about to follow suit, when the Indian whispered:

"Hark! more soldiers!"

A very little attention was necessary to reveal the fact that a body of soldiers was entering the station. They laughed, and they talked, and they threw down their arms, and called upon their friends to let them see what there was to eat and drink.

The Frenchman and his companion having perfectly satisfied themselves that their suspicion as to an arrival of reinforcements was correct, concluded that it made no difference to them, and so laid down and went to sleep again.

In the morning the request for a boat was made, and the soldier who received it, after asking a great many questions about the matter, stated that there were a couple of boats at the station, but that he had nothing to do with them. But, for a small amount of cash, he consented to place the matter before the officer in command.

The officer in command was seated under a huge cypress-tree in the barrack-yard, comfortably smoking away his cares. Around him lay several other officers, who, like himself, had an extremely low rank, but an extremely high opinion of themselves and their responsibility. The head smoker had just come from the mouth of St. John's by easy stages, with about twenty men, and was now bound to St. Marks—or, as some old folks still called it, Santa Maria de Palachy—where he would report himself, and the condition of the stations he had visited, to his military superior at that place. He was a wise, grave man, and ought to have been a Hidalgo. But few mortals are what they ought to be, and he but shared the common fate.

"Of what nation is the man?" asked he of the soldier who brought the strange request.

"French, señor," said the man.

The should-have-been Hidalgo reflected.

"Is Spain at war with France, does anybody know?" asked he, at length.

There was a good deal of earnest knitting of brows at this question. Most of these men had been in America for many years, and although they would talk largely enough to the natives and settlers about the affairs of their noble country over there in the East, they were a little cautious about their expressions in regard to such matters when in company with each other. In a word, there was nobody there who would take it upon himself to say whether there was war between France and Spain at that time or not. At last one fellow declared that in 'ninety-four, when he came over, he knew that there was fighting between the French and Spanish armies in Catalonia.

"Have you heard of peace being declared?" asked the Hidalgo.

"I have not," said the other.

"Then arrest the Frenchman," said the commander of the forces.

In consequence of this order, our French friend was conducted to the barracks, and told to consider himself a prisoner.

"There is also an Indian," remarked one of the soldiers.

"Bring him here," said the Hidalgo.

When the soldier returned, he said, "The Indian has escaped."

"Escaped!" said the Hidalgo. "Well, we can't do anything with him, then. Hand me that tobacco."

#### CHAPTER II.—OF LITTLE INTEREST.—(NOT TO THE READER, BUT TO ONE OF THE CHARACTERS.)

WHEN the detachment having our Frenchman in charge took up their line of march again, they took the road to St. Marks.

The trip was by no means a delightful one to the Frenchman, although he was going to the exact place for which he set out when he left St. Augustine. If he had had the tin box with him he would have been perfectly content; but as he had it not, he was extremely discontented. This frame of mind, however, had one good effect. It made him disregard the discomforts and dangers of the journey, and so won him considerable favor from the rough soldiers.

He had been tramping steadily westward for more than a week, when the company encamped on the banks of the Suwanee River. Our prisoner was now subjected to no very strict rules. So that he kept up with the main body, he was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased, and it pleased him now to sit upon a log by the river-bank and think.

His thoughts were not very amusing, but as everybody ought to have the right of judging of such things for themselves, and as these thoughts related to a part of his adventures and life, in which some folks may, possibly, be interested, they shall be blazoned forth to the world.

He thought, this Frenchman, of the time when he, Charles Vallon, was spending his days in the bosom of his family near the mountains of Auvergne, in his own dear France. He thought, too, of how much had been crowded into the comparatively short time that had elapsed—it was only two years—since he, a youth of twenty-five, had left his home for Paris, where, by his imprudence, he had soon incurred the displeasure of the officers of the Directory, and had fled to Spain, to wait until the little personal storm which he had raised should blow over. But Spain, then so close an ally of France as to be a very unpleasant residence for a political refugee from the latter country, offered him nothing which he thought so attractive as a trip on a Government vessel to America. He had landed, some six months previously, at St. Augustine, and there he had remained until he had undertaken this disastrous journey. The more he thought of these things, the darker grew the brow of Monsieur Vallon, and the more steadfastly he gazed out over the waters of the smoothly gliding Suwanee.

He remembered so well how he had met the Englishman, Anderson, at St. Augustine, and how Anderson had been friendly with him, and had invited him to his house to many a meal, at times when the funds he had brought with him from France were getting very low indeed. He could not forget how, in a little room that Anderson used as an office, and which was such a dusty, dirty little room that he never liked to sit down in it, the Englishman had told him of his own life in America; how he had come over in 'sixty, when he was quite a young man, and how he had practiced law in Charleston, South Carolina, for quite a number of years; and how he had been a staunch Tory from the very beginning of the colonial rebellion, but had managed to keep up his business and residence in Charleston until Greene drove the British out of the Carolinas in 'eighty-one, and then his strong and well-known opposition to the Federal cause made it impossible for him to remain any longer in his adopted home. And how he had come to St. Augustine, hoping every year, until quite recently, that he would find it to his advantage to return to Charleston, but that now he had given up the idea altogether, as he was old, and would go to England in a few months and end his days in his native land.

Now, the log becoming very hard, young Vallon changes his seat to a dry patch of ground, under a magnolia-tree, and went on with his retrospection. He recalled the day when he went to Anderson,

and, frankly confessing that he was almost entirely out of money, asked him to use his influence to procure him some occupation by which he might live, and gradually save enough to enable him to return to France. He remembered how Anderson sat thinking, after hearing his request, and at last offered him employment of a singular character. He thought of the story Anderson told him of the Seabright family of Charleston, whose business-man he had been, and whose property he managed in various ways. And he told him how, when a few months before he had been looking over his effects, preparatory to arranging for his return to England, he had found the title-deeds of much of the Seabright property, which he thought he had sent them with the rest of their papers when he left Charleston, but which must have been packed up by mistake with his own documents. He told how he had been making efforts to return these deeds to their owners, and how he had caused inquiries to be made in Charleston concerning the family, and had found that the Seabrights had left Charleston, and that, in fact, there was only one person of the name now living, and she was Anna Seabright, living in St. Marks, Florida.

Then Monsieur Vallon recalled the offer made him by Anderson if he would be the bearer of these deeds to St. Marks, and how gladly he accepted it. How he was to be paid twenty pounds by Anderson (who considered that he owed the Seabrights that much for his negligence), and how a note was to be inclosed with the deeds, requesting the recipient to pay to the bearer a suitable sum in addition to what he had received. He remembered how it had been intended that he should take passage in a vessel from St. Augustine to St. Marks, but how, after waiting quite a weary while without any sailing opportunity offering, he had determined to make the overland trip, which could be readily done, he was told, provided that he was careful to procure Indian guides, and had plenty of money and time. The guides had been assured to him by the good Lomrue; the money Anderson gave him; and the time he undertook to furnish from his own resources.

But there was one thing he would like to have forgotten, and he remembered it better than anything else. This was the strict injunction Anderson had given him to be careful that the documents were not lost or destroyed. "If you find that you cannot take them to St. Marks, bring them back here," said the Englishman; "and if an accident befalls you, hand them to some one, who will either take them to the direction scratched on the box, or return them to me. If any one takes them from you by force, send word to me by an Indian, stating in whose possession they are. The first great object is to keep them from destruction; the second is to take them to their destination." Now Vallon thought, as he reflected beneath the magnolia, that although he had acted according to the best judgment he could bring to bear upon the matter, that everything had gone wrong, and that Anderson might well consider him a miserable agent. True, it had been better to leave the box buried on the shores of the St. John's River than to run the risk of leaving it at the bottom of the same; but he should not have depended so much upon getting a boat. As he had found that the passage could be made on a raft, he and the Indian should have built a larger and safer one, and should have gone back the next day for the box. And above all—oh, fool that he was!—he never should have allowed that Indian to go away with a paper on his person which would tell anybody or everybody where the box could be found. It was very probable that by this time the Indian had returned to the spot, dug up the box, and destroyed the deeds, in his rage at finding nothing of any value to him. But, if any one else had come into the possession of the paper of directions it would probably be because he had bought it of the Indian, and in such case the fate of the deeds would, most likely, be destruction or unlawful use. It would have been very different if a mishap had befallen the Indian. An honest man might then have received the paper, but no honest man would be likely to bargain for it. The idea of the Indian doing anything that was honest never entered the head of the perturbed Monsieur Vallon, and after further reflecting that all he could do now was to let matters take their course until he was able to return to the cottonwood-tree and discover the fate of the box, he admitted to his mind the thought that he was very hungry, and that the soldiers must be cooking their supper, and so got up and joined the group around the fire.

The journey between the Suwanee and the town of St. Marks was marked by the same toilsome tramping through both lonely scenery and barren wilds that had characterized the first part of the route, and no one was sorry when the house-tops and chimneys of their destination came in sight.

On the morning after his arrival, Vallon was taken before the commandant of the forces at the village, and, after a very short examination, set free; and the Hidalgo was made acquainted with the fact that if he had believed the assertions of his prisoner he would have saved to the treasury of His Majesty Charles the Fourth of Spain the value of the rations eaten by said prisoner during the period of nearly two weeks.

His freedom did not greatly please Vallon. True, he did not object to being nominally at liberty, but what could he do? At St. Marks, without the tin box, he was of no use to any one; and he doubted very much whether there was any one there who could be of the slightest use to him. As there was no vessel at the place, he found it would be useless to think of leaving, for he would on no account have encountered the dangers and privations of a return to St. Augustine by land. So he was obliged to be content to possess his soul in what peace was possible until a vessel from Mobile or New Orleans should touch at the little port.

He found that in a building attached to a store in the town he could get lodgings and his meals, and he therefore took up his abode in those quarters for such time as he would be obliged to remain in St. Marks. The storekeeper, a man from Pennsylvania, seemed willing to give him all the information about the place and its facilities which a person speaking very little French could impart to one understanding very little English. All that Vallon could count upon, after this conversation, was the assurance that it was often a long time between the visits of vessels to the port, but that St. Marks was a very pleasant place to live in. This last assurance gave our friend but little comfort, and as he sat on the piazza enjoying, to the best of his ability, his evening pipe, he came to the conclusion that he had better search out Anna Seabright, inform her of the position and condition of her box, and let her send for it by a trusty messenger, for he considered that his duty in the premises ought not to extend over a journey back to the spot and a second trip to St. Marks. He would tell the owner where the box was, and that was certainly information worth the twenty pounds he had been paid. If the box was gone, or if the box was safe, another messenger would be of as much service as himself. To tell the truth, Monsieur Vallon was very tired of the expedition, and if he could have seen any method of getting to New Orleans, or any place



from which he might take passage for France, (where, under the First Consul, he might again enjoy the delights of his home,) he would have been very willing to promise Mistress Seabright the return of all the money that had been paid him. Anderson had told him that when he left Charleston, in 'eighty-one, there were but two Seabrights in the family, William and Anna; the first, a man of about forty; and his sister, a little older. The latter, who must now be over sixty, would not in all probability, so Anderson conjectured, be in St. Marks alone, unless her brother were dead, and indeed, his informant had told him that Anna was the only surviving member of the family. Therefore Vallon thought, as he continued his reflections on the piazza, it might be very probable that he would find her in reduced circumstances. In this case she could not be expected to be able to send for the box. What should he do, then? Desert her with the business half finished?

Well, he did not know what he should do. The first thing was to find her and tell her of the affair; and he sought the storekeeper and managed to ask of him information of one Anna Seabright, residing in that town.

"Anna Seabright!" exclaimed the man. "Why, what in the world do you want with her? But you can easily see her, for there she is now, coming down the road."

Vallon looked along the road, which constituted the main thoroughfare of the town, and he saw, at a little distance, with a basket in her hand, and evidently on her way to the store, a little girl some eight years old.

"That is Anna Seabright," said the storekeeper. Vallon was astounded. Here was a complication. What could he do, in a business way, with a little girl like that? However, she had relations, no doubt, who would attend to the matter, and—sober second thought—he must be careful. This might not be the right owner of the box. There was certainly no idea of any little girl claimant in the mind of William Anderson when he dispatched Vallon on his expedition.

Little Anna ran up the high steps of the piazza and entered the store, followed by the storekeeper. Said one of the loungers who sat by the door:

"They might send a nigger to the store, it strikes me."

"Not if the little woman took it into her head to come herself," said another; and Vallon sat wishing that he better understood the English language, so that he might know what these fellows were saying of the young lady to whom he had been accredited. But they said little more, and had he understood them, he would have learned nothing but what related to Miss Anna's rather headstrong disposition.

In a few minutes she came out of the store with her little basket filled with a mournful assortment of confectionery, brought, at some distant and unknown period, from the storehouses of New Orleans. With a very steadfast look at him—her big brown eyes full of curiosity concerning the black-bearded stranger—Anna Seabright passed Vallon and went down the steps and away to her home. Twilight was falling over St. Marks, and the young man soon lost sight of her as she hurried up the road.

The next day Vallon fell in with the Hidalgo, and, understanding the Spanish language quite well, he prepared for a chat. The old soldier, whose remnant of conscience smote him when he beheld his prisoner, put on his coldest and most repellent demeanor; but Vallon's pleasant manner and his questions about the town and the people soon put the Spaniard at his ease, and the conversation became a pleasant one, especially after Vallon produced some very fair tobacco, which he had procured at the store.

Among other things, the Hidalgo told him all he knew about Miss Anna. She was the daughter of Mrs. Mary Senter, the wife of a planter whose house was about half a mile from the town. This lady had been married before, of course, and the girl was her only child. She had not lived in St. Marks long—that is to say, when the Hidalgo was here in 'ninety-two. Senter was a bachelor, and some four or five years ago, when his company came here from Mobile, the planter had a wife and a stepdaughter. Now, this was not much to learn; but it was something.

A couple of days after this conversation, Vallon, neatly shaved, dressed in the best style that his own resources and those of the store afforded, and looking very well, for all that he resembled but little the gay young frequenter of the Paris salons, started up the road to the plantation of Mr. Henry Senter. When he entered the large yard surrounding the house, he was first met by a company of yelping dogs of all orders of beauty and usefulness. Next came a body of little darkeys, none of whom paid the slightest attention to his inquiries, each fastening upon a particular dog, and with blows and clamor driving him back from the stranger. Monsieur Vallon, finding himself now an object of such general inattention, walked up to the house, and was soon met by Miss Anna, who, having espied a visitor from afar, hurried to meet him, and appeared running, buttoning in the meantime her brown linen apron around her. When Vallon asked if he could see her mother, the child could not at first understand him, but she soon comprehended his meaning, and led him to the broad piazza of the house. There she seated him and herself, and sent a black woman to call her mother.

While waiting here, the conversation was not very entertaining, for, although the little girl talked a good deal, she talked very fast, and with an enunciation so entirely novel to the young man, that he understood very little of what she said. But when she remarked, "Well, I'm glad of one thing, and that is that you've cut off that horrible black beard," he caught her meaning, more from her gestures, perhaps, than her words, and smiled at the plain-spoken young creature. He would have been very glad to converse freely with her, and regretted more than ever that he had not studied English at school.

And now Mrs. Senter appeared upon the piazza. Vallon was somewhat startled when he saw her, though there was really no particular reason for it. She was a blooming young woman of about twenty-six, with dark eyes, rich brown hair and a beautiful blonde complexion—very different from the brown skin of her daughter. Vallon rose, a little embarrassed. He had not expected to do business with such young females as these, and it was a long time since he had been in the company of ladies at all. He endeavored, in his best English, to explain to Mrs. Senter his business with her; but when she desired him, in very good French, to be seated, and she took a low chair opposite to him, his spirits rose a hundred degrees. There was happiness. To talk to a lady—and a beautiful one—in his native language.

He rapidly laid his business before her; but, to his surprise, it did not appear that she took a great deal of interest in the fate of the tin box.

After considerable conversation upon the subject, she told him that she had married Mr. Seabright in Charleston, some ten years before. That he had died about three years after her marriage, and that his affairs had been in a very bad condition for

some time previous. She knew he had disposed of all his property, excepting the house in which they had lived, which at her marriage with Mr. Senter had been sold and the proceeds settled on little Anna. If he had had any property to which those deeds related, it had been sold also, she had no doubt. She supposed such things could be done in the absence of the deeds.

Vallon did not know, but he thought it was very probable.

Mrs. Senter proceeded to remark that she did not think that the documents would be of any use to her or her daughter, for she was positive that all Mr. Seabright's property had been disposed of. He died intestate, to be sure; but he was in the habit of telling her, young as she was, everything about his affairs. She remembered hearing of the Tory Anderson, and her husband always spoke of him as an honest man, and a good lawyer, but she thought he must have been unaware of the general disposition of Mr. Seabright's property when he took so much trouble to send those deeds to little Anna.

Vallon thought this quite likely, but still he believed that the matter ought to be investigated, and he expressed his deep regret that he had not been able to bring the box with him.

Mrs. Senter thanked him, and delicately inquired if she was in his debt? Assured that she was not, her manner grew more cordial towards the young man; for, although he looked a gentleman, and spoke with an honest air, it would be impossible for any one to hear such a story as this from a perfect stranger without a tinge of distrust in regard to his motives.

The conversation continued a short time longer—interrupted frequently by requests from the dissatisfied little girl that they would talk in English, for she could not understand a word of that ugly French; and when Vallon rose to go, Mrs. Senter inquired, as they stood standing at the head of the steps, if he intended remaining for any length of time in St. Marks, and, on hearing his situation, was about, as Vallon thought, to give him some offer of country hospitality. But she did not. She hesitated for a moment, and then remarked that she would think about this affair, and would be glad to see him again in a few days.

"In the meantime," said she, "you will not speak of this to—any one."

Vallon promised, bowed, and took his leave.

(To be continued.)

## PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE OCEAN.

### A PHOSPHORESCENT FISH.

COLERIDGE'S description of the phosphorescent display which he witnessed from the deck of a Hamburg packet on Sunday night, September 16th, 1798, is a poetical gem, although it is set in prose.

"I wrapped myself up in my great-coat," says the poet, "and looked at the water. A beautiful white cloud of foam at momentary intervals coursed by the side of the vessel with a roar, and little stars of flame danced and sparkled and went out in it; and every now and then light detachments of the white, cloud-like foam darted off from the vessel's side, each with his own small constellation, over the sea, and scoured out of sight, like a Tartar troop over a wilderness."

The various shades of the colors of the ocean are, in most instances, caused by myriads of marine animalcules which pervade the deep; and the magnificent appearance known as the phosphorescence of the ocean is owing to the phosphorescent brilliancy of these microscopic tribes.

But with them also, sometimes, swim "schools" of phosphorescent fish, each one comparatively a leviathan among its microscopic companions. So far as we are aware, no description of this phosphorescent fish has hitherto been published.

A gentleman who inherits the habit of close observation which distinguished his father, an eminent naturalist whom Audubon was proud to call "friend and coadjutor," permits us to publish an extract from the private journal of a voyage which he made in 1868, on the ship *Sonora*, from New York to San Francisco. This journal, we must say parenthetically, is in itself a novel log-book, both in its contents, which might supply the Smithsonian Institute with several "original contributions to the sum of human knowledge," and in its marvelously fine chirography:

"Wednesday, October 7th, Lat. N. 13 deg. 25 min., Long. W. 37 deg. 23 min.—Captain H. was speaking of a curious phosphorescent light that he had met about two degrees further south than we are, and showed me the following entry in his log: 'Ship *Derby*, from New York to San Francisco, in 1861. Thursday, September 5th, Lat. N. 11 deg. 22 min., Long. W. 34 deg. 48 min.—Light, variable airs and calms, with squalls around. Water at night very phosphorescent from a jelly-like substance about the shape and size of a man's finger; hollow inside, blunted spires outside; some of them six inches long.' (The spires are what show the light.) Again, on Saturday, September 7th, 1861: 'Lat. N. 10 deg. 26 min., Long. W. 34 deg. 08 min.—Calm throughout, except a light squall from N.E. at 6.30 p.m. Ship without steerage-way most of the day; at night the same jelly-like fish around as on 5th inst. They appear not to rise until night, and after a rain.'

"Captain H. says he had never seen them before, but is under the impression that he saw them once subsequently off Rio Janeiro. He kindly gave me one that he caught and dried. He says the light is bright enough to see to read by."

"This is the phosphorescent fish which Captain H. gave me. The dark points are the spires which give the light. I asked him if the fish had any eyes? He said he did not know; that he never saw any account of them."

"P. S.—The captain says, the 'spires' are not points, but little risings, such as might be made by the point of a lead-pencil under india-rubber. The inside was hollow, so that he could put his little finger in; and the part between the outside skin and the inside one was a meaty, jelly-like substance, nearly transparent."

## BREAKING A MUSTANG.

THE Knight of the great Southwest is the horse-tamer. He fears no living animal on hoofs. On the day that the wild mustang or broncho is to be tamed a crowd gathers on the town plaza, or at the corral. The wild animal is brought forth, kicking, pawing and biting. The hero of the plains halts him with a rope, and worries him until from sheer exhaustion he allows his master to caress him. His mouth bleeds, and his neck is covered with foam. Then a piece of blanket is thrown over him and removed quickly, until his fright ceases. Noises are made, and all kinds of strange objects thrust at him, with the same result. Finally the rider leaps on his back, and then the real work of breaking him begins. Often the animal turns entire somersaults, and rolls over and over like a dog, hoping to crush his rider, who is generally too quick for him. "Bucking" is peculiar to the horses of the Southwest. They suddenly start on a

"dead run;" but before an ordinary man has time to think twice the pony throws himself stiff-legged and stops so suddenly, that unless one is a skillful rider he is pitched far into the air. Some horses, instead of preforming their bucking with a "run," leap like a jack-rabbit and come down on their stiff legs with sickening power, until the most ambitious wish that they had never been born.

## FUGITIVE CUBANS.

AMONG the effects of the present unfortunate civil war in Cuba, one has been to drive great numbers of the natives of the island to the adjacent colonies for safety.

Jamaica seems to be especially preferred as a city of refuge, both on account of its vicinity to Cuba and of the strict care which the Colonial Government takes of its adopted citizens. Both English and Cuban residents combine munificently in endowing the fund for the assistance of those unfortunate whom the severity of Spanish rule forces to leave their all in the hands of the spoiler; and hardly a day passes without chronicling the arrival of some frail boat on the north coast bearing a freight of fugitives seeking safety in the shadow of the St. George's Cross.

## LINCOLN'S PROPHECY.

DICKENS, as quoted in Forster's life of him, related the following story: "On the afternoon of the day on which the President was shot there was a cabinet council at which he presided. Mr. Stanton, being at the time Secretary of War, was detained, and arrived rather late. Indeed they were waiting for him, and on his entering the room, the President broke off in something he was saying, and remarked: 'Let us proceed to business, gentlemen.' Mr. Stanton then noticed, with great surprise, that the President sat with an air of dignity in his chair instead of frowning about it in the most ungainly attitudes, as his invariable custom was; and that instead of telling irrelevant or questionable stories, he was grave and calm, and quite a different man. Mr. Stanton, on leaving the council with the Attorney-General, said to him, 'That is the most satisfactory cabinet meeting I have attended for many a long day. What an extraordinary change in Mr. Lincoln.' The Attorney-General replied, 'We all saw it, before you came in. While we were waiting for you he said, with his chin down on his breast, 'Gentlemen, something very extraordinary is going to happen, and that very soon.' To which the Attorney-General had observed, 'Something good, sir, I hope,' when the President answered very gravely: 'I don't know; I don't know. But it will happen, and shortly too.' As they were all impressed by his manner, the Attorney-General took him up again: 'Have you received any information, sir, not yet disclosed to us?' 'No,' answered the President: 'but I have had a dream. And I have had the same dream three times. Once, on the night preceding the battle of Bull Run. Once, on the night preceding such another (naming a battle also not favorable to the North.) His chin sank on his breast again, and he sat reflecting. 'Might one ask the nature of this dream, sir?' said the Attorney-General. 'Well,' replied the President, without lifting his head or changing his attitude, 'I am on a great broad rolling river—and I am in a boat—and I drift—and I drift!—But this is not business—' suddenly raising his face and looking round the table as Mr. Stanton entered; 'let us proceed to business, gentlemen.' Mr. Stanton and the Attorney-General said, as they walked on together, it would be curious to notice whether anything ensued on this; and they agreed to notice. He was shot that night."

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

LOTTA will shortly appear in New York.

LUCILLE WESTERN has been playing in Western New York.

EDWIN BOOTH is acting in Chicago, at McVicker's Theatre.

MR. BOUCHICHAULT will appear in this city at Booth's Theatre shortly.

SALVINI has met with unbounded popular admiration in New Orleans.

MISS BELLA PATERMAN is playing opposite parts to Mr. Booth, at Chicago.

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT lately acted *King Lear* with unusual success at Memphis.

ADOLPH DAILY paid Dumas 6,500 francs for the right to play "Monsieur Alphonse" in New York.

MAGGIE MITCHELL is acting in the West. Her "Fanchon" seems to retain all its old charm over theatre-goers.

ADELAIDE NEILSON has arrived in New York, from Florida, much improved in health. She will shortly proceed to California.

MR. JEFFERSON will shortly emerge from his retirement—at Orange Island, New Iberia, La.—and resume his professional labors.

"RICHELIEU" was recently represented for the last time at the Lyceum, in London, after a run of one hundred and fourteen nights.

On the 24 of March, in celebration of the arrival in England of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, a play called "Elizabeth" will be given at Drury Lane, illustrative of Russian manners and customs.

THE present vocal sensation in London consists of twelve handsome young ladies with auburn ringlets, who are called "Blondettes." Negotiations are pending for their appearance in New York during the coming Fall season.

MRS. IMogene BROWN, the well-known soprano, formerly of Christ and St. Bartholomew's Churches, in New York, has made her debut in Italian opera in Italy, in the City of Alexandria, under the professional name of Orella Imogene. She appeared as *Violetta* in "Traviata," and the local papers speak in most favorable terms of her success.

THE latest musical genius in Cincinnati is Miss Caroline Rive, daughter of the popular teacher, Madame Rive. The *Enquirer* says: "Her execution is simply marvelous, in firm, delicate fingering, rapidity and apparent ease. She has the exquisite touch of Thalberg, the expression of Hellet, and the wonderful facility of Rubinstein, not seeming to lack to any great degree even his tremendous strength."

A VERY charming entertainment was given last Thursday evening, at Robinson Hall, in aid of the sick children in the Hospital attached to the Five Points' House of Industry. This being the first time that such an entertainment was ever given in aid of these sick children, the ladies who were the promoters deserve much credit and praise. Several very charming tableaux were given, amongst which we may mention that of "Our Charity," represented by two beautiful young ladies offering their mite to Heaven. The theatrical part of the entertainment was very well sustained. We sincerely hope that the ladies realized a splendid profit from this entertainment, as they deserved unbounded success.

## PERSONAL.

ASTOR owns only 700 houses.

HOGARTH's house at Chiswick is made a candy-shop.

TENNYSON is writing an ode of welcome to Marie Alexandrovna.

It is said that Ristori will make one more professional visit to this country.

WENDELL PHILLIPS is reported to have cleared by his lectures over \$100,000.

A MISSISSIPPI postmistress has discharged her husband from a clerkship for non-attendance to duty.

PRESIDENT McCOSH denies that he has refused the Princeton students permission to visit Saratoga.

A SOUTH CAROLINA negro has \$1,000 worth of tools to sell the Government for exhibition at the Centennial.

THE late Dr. David Frederick Strauss left two unfinished works, a "Life of Lessing" and a "Life of Beethoven."

SIR SAMUEL BAKER believes the influence of one steamer in the centre of Africa is equal to that of a hundred missionaries.

It is said that the mental disorder from which the painter Landseer suffered in his last days was caused by over-indulgence in wine.

THE fortune left by the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild, though not so large as was expected, is likely to exceed \$15,000,000, gold.

CONSTANT MEYER is at work upon a portrait of General Phil. Sheridan. Several sittings have been had, and the work is nearly completed.

CONGRESSMAN Cox went to lecture in Vermont, Va., recently, but had no hearers—it is said because the people there never go out after sunset.

BRET HARTE's last dialect poem, "The Ghost that Jim Saw," is founded on a veritable incident which occurred almost exactly as related in the verses.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, commander of the Ashantee expedition, is a sufferer to a large amount by the destruction of the Pantechnicon in London.

DISRAELI is a practical writer as well as a politician. He understands, which Mr. Gladstone does not, the value of brevity, and knows how to leave things out.

THAT beautiful ethereal poet and philosopher, Ruskin, says he would like to destroy, without rebuilding, the City of New York. No wonder taxes are high.

DEAN HOOK, of Chichester, in going recently to the altar for the communion office, slipped and fell heavily. He cut his lip against the marble, and was very much shaken.

THE steamship *Schiller*, on her late trip from Hamburg, brought twenty-four race-horses, ten ostriches and six antelopes, consigned to P. T. Barnum, for use in his new hippodrome.

THE first edition of the third volume of Mr. Forster's "Life of Dickens" consisted of ten thousand copies. It was sold out within ten days of publication, and a second is now in the press.

ONE of the Embassadors sent by King Coffee to Sir Garnet Wolseley was so overwhelmed at the sight of what could be accomplished by the Gatling gun, that on returning to his hut he shot himself.

THE six-year-old son of the Fire Superintendent at Troy set his father's house on fire the other day, and then gave the alarm. He subsequently explained that he wanted to see how the new machine worked.

THE Boston Post says that Boutwell was always a limber politician. You may brush him, wash him, dry him, iron him, and he will remain a mere party rag, after all—a simple patch for Butler's pantaloons.

INTELLIGENCE has only just reached us of the death, in September last, of Mr. Henry C. Curtis, at New Haven, Conn. He was an artist and engraver of merit, and had served a long business connection with this establishment.

It is now believed that Jim, the "Luck of Roaring Camp" is living, and that Bret Harte's statement, that Kentucky and the "Luck" were drowned, is incorrect, as the latter is living under the name of Edward Montague.

ELI PERKINS, after talking to large audiences for sixty nights this Winter, will finish up in Kingsbury's Music Hall, Chicago, March 23d. Then Eli will buckle on his newspaper armor, and write satirical letters from Saratoga and Long Branch.

A CELEBRATED New York artist is painting the portraits of six of the most beautiful young ladies in the city in one large group. The young ladies are to represent nations, and the picture is to be exhibited and sold for the benefit of a church.

Nor long before his death, Agassiz declared that he felt as never before the importance of the movement in behalf of the physical education of women. He was understood to be in sympathy with the views in Dr. Clark's book on "Sex in Education."

MR. WILLIAM CASTLE, the tenor so well known in this country, hopes to engage the entire Rosa troupe of artists, and to carry on, no doubt with the success such enterprise merits, the schemes Carl Rosa elaborated for the restoration of the English opera.

MISS CECILIA CLEVELAND, a niece of Horace Greeley, an accomplished writer, has in type a graceful and appreciative volume entitled "The Story of a Summer; or, Journal Leaves from Chappaqua." Miss Cleveland has spent some years in Europe, and is a very fine pianist.

MR. EMERSON, at the last meeting of the Overseers of Harvard College, declared in favor of continuing the compulsory attendance of students on chapel prayers. He argued that prayer is the highest act of the human mind, and that it was not right to take away from or to let young men deprive themselves of the benefit of the act.

E. O. STANARD, member of Congress from the First District of Missouri, is described as sporting the most sumptuous equipage in Washington. The buttons on his driver's coat are as large as soup-plates, and the cockade on his hat about the size of a turkey's wing, while three yards of blue ribbon float from the whip-handle.

SOME boiler-makers at Dubuque put a boy in a boiler to hold a hammer-head to the rivets as they were driven in, and when they were all completed he was found too big to come out of the hole. He stripped to the buff, and greased his skin, but it was no use, and it took six men three hours to cut the solid boiler iron before he could be got out.

M. GUIZOT, who is now in his eighty-eighth year, says: "Last year I finished my 'History of France,' and this, please God, will see me commence my 'Universal History.' I come of a hardy race. I can hear well, see well, and work well. Plus IX. can do the same; we are the hardest old men in Europe, and will outlive many who are yet young, please God."

A PARIS letter, speaking of the Empress Eugénie, says she is sadly aged. There are deep lines at each side of her mouth, and her whole face looks drawn and haggard. The little flat crape hat which she wears pushed back from her temples seems too youthful for her worn face; but it is a relief not to see her lips set in that stiff smile, artificial as the gold in her tresses or the roses in her bonnet, wherewith she used to greet her subjects of Paris in other days.





HON. W. A. SIMMONS, COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF BOSTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BLACK, BOSTON.

#### COLLECTOR SIMMONS, OF BOSTON.

MR. W. A. SIMMONS, the new Collector of Customs for the Port of Boston, was born in that city, in January, 1840. He qualified himself for the legal profession under extremely adverse circumstances, and was admitted to practice at the Suffolk Bar. He became Special Treasury Agent in February, 1865, and in June, 1870, he was appointed Supervisor of Internal Revenue, having for his district the New England States. In 1873 he became Chairman of the Republican Ward and City Committee of Boston, and still occupies that position. He was defeated in 1869, when running for the State Senate from the Second Suffolk District, by F. B. Hayes.



PHOSPHORESCENT FISH. LIFE SIZE.—SEE PAGE 27.

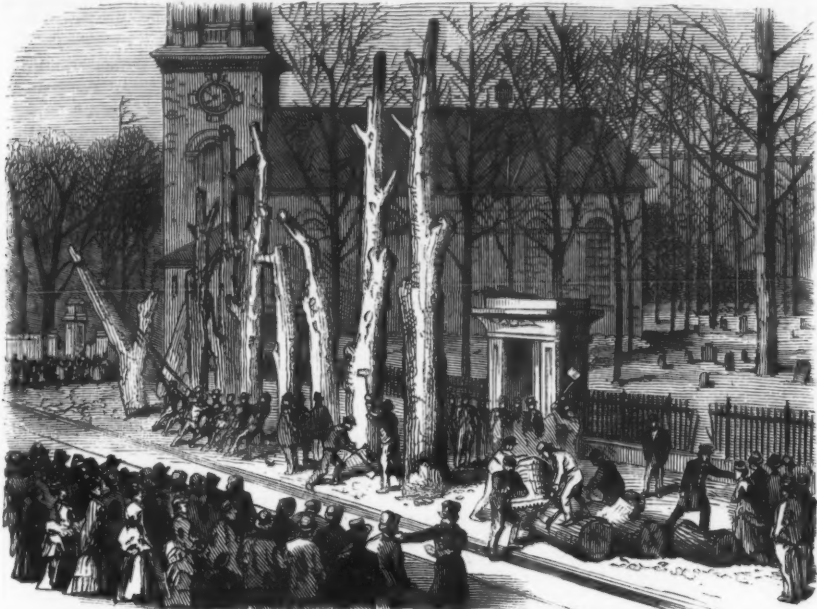
season of the year, and the fire took a northerly direction. The loss was estimated at \$1,000,000; mostly insured.

#### ROBERT E. WITHERS, UNITED STATES SENATE.

COLONEL ROBERT E. WITHERS was born in Campbell County, Va., in 1821. He graduated at the University of Virginia, and became a practitioner of medicine, to which he devoted himself exclusively for nineteen years. He resided first in Campbell, and then in Danville, going to the



HON. ROBERT E. WITHERS, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM VIRGINIA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REES & CO., RICHMOND, VA.

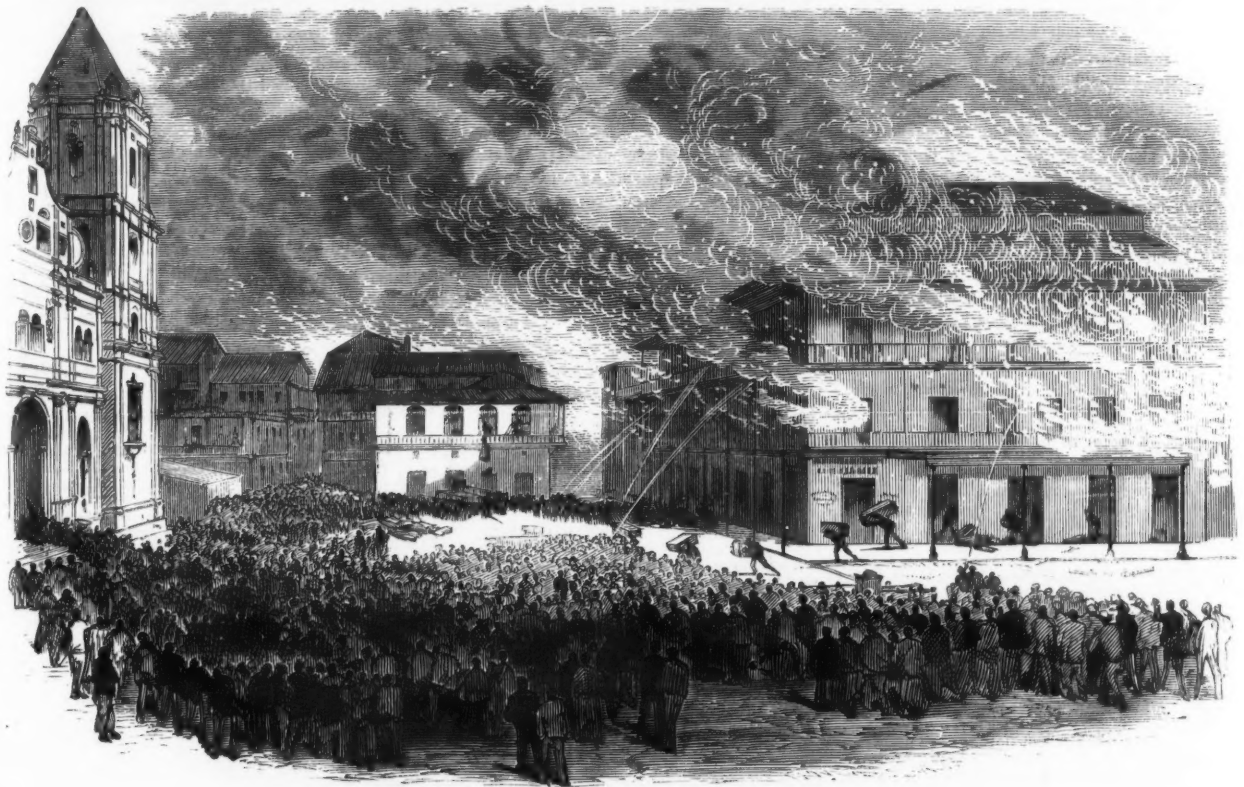


BOSTON, MASS.—CUTTING DOWN THE PADDOCK ELMS.—SKETCHED BY E. R. MORSE.

latter place in 1858, and there remained until the late civil war.

Colonel Withers entered the war at its beginning.

Colonel Withers's magnanimity at that time it has been generally admitted that he should have been honored with some prominent position, and his



THE FIRE AT PANAMA—SCENE IN THE COMMERCIAL QUARTER.—SKETCHED BY S. E. COOMBS.

He participated in the battles of First Manassas, Seven Pines and Gaines's Mill. In the last-named in the final charge, in which the Union troops were routed. He received wounds through the right lung, the pelvis and arm, together with a wound in the scalp. He has not yet been entirely restored from the effect of his fearful wounds.

Prior to the close of the war he was assigned to the prison post at Danville, and held it until he surrendered to General Wright, on the 22d of April, 1865.

When the war was ended he was too much of a cripple for the country practice of medicine, and, seeking some pursuit better adapted to his physical condition, he became editor, first of the *Lynchburg News*, and afterwards of the *Richmond Enquirer*. The Colonel showed readiness and facility as a writer, and wrote with vigor and force.

In the Spring of 1868 he was nominated for the office of Governor, and canvassed the State against the Radical Party and the then pending Underwood Constitution.

Before the campaign was over, the "Liberal movement" was set on foot. Colonel Withers being rather ultra, it was thought, for that time—the State being still out of the Union—he yielded to the wishes of many friends, and withdrew. Governor Walker was then nominated on the fusion ticket, and the grand triumph of that ticket followed. For

friends thought it a good opportunity, and nominated him for Lieutenant-Governor in August last. General Kemper was nominated over him by the Conservative Convention, and all parties combined to bestow upon him the second place, which he accepted under a sense of duty, in spite of his just pride and self-respect.

In every relation in life Colonel Withers has proved his loyalty, valor, truth and virtue, and as Senator from Virginia will honor the office he has been placed in.

#### THE DOOM OF THE PADDOCK ELMS.

BOSTON is in sackcloth and ashes. The ringing of the practical ax upon the venerable sides of the Paddock Elms is the only sound that keeps unison with the throbbing of its antiquated heart. Tearful scions of the purest stock besought the doughty Aldermen to spare the trees. Were they not an essential part of Boston itself—the Boston that had been elevated from the depths by Neptune's tripod? Would not the beauty, the life, the dreamy satisfaction, the adolescence in dotage, of Tremont Street for ever depart? Why should the ante-diluvian associations of the worthy lovers be thus cruelly deprived of the customary daily leavening? *O miserere!* Simply that a breathless, cold and unsentimental horse-car track might be lain over the dust of a thousand scholars.

Dr. Holmes rose in his power to appeal for the trees. The poor old things were taken at a disadvantage at this time. "A lawyer would not bring his client into court naked, but would clothe him properly and have his hair dressed in order that he might present a fair appearance. In this case you arraign the culprits while utterly devoid of clothing—

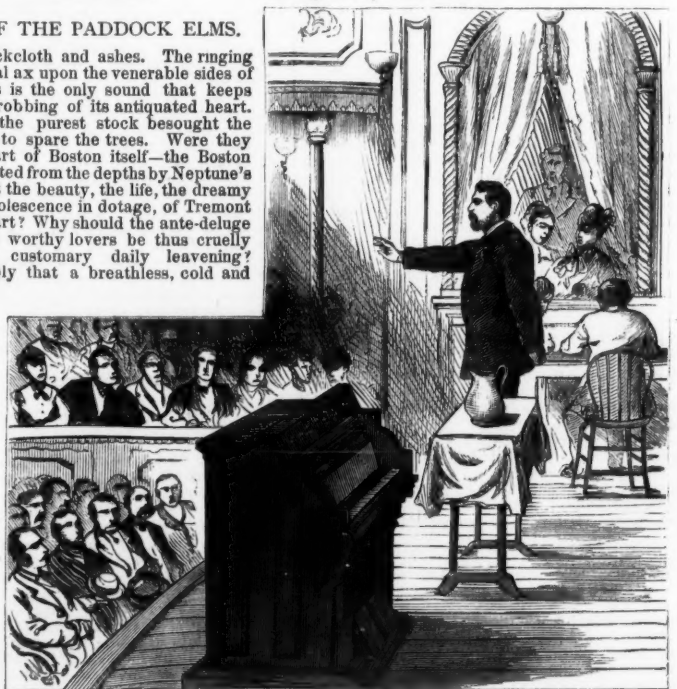


JOSEPH STRAUSS, PRESIDENT OF THE ALSACE-LORRAINE SOCIETY, NEW YORK CITY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.—SEE PAGE 30.

when their foliage does not exist to benefit the thousands who annually enjoy it." He hoped the trees would be spared because of the associations which surrounded them. Then an enemy advanced. He characterized the elms as a lot of miserable old

rubbish which interfered with travel, attracted loafers, and withheld the life-giving rays of the sun from the flower-beds and young trees in the burying-ground. Let the rubbish be removed, and after a short time the lovers of the trees may be able to lift their hats in reverence of the spot where they stood without danger of being sun-struck.

The worldly-minded members carried the day, and the vote to hew the trees was carried. The edict went forth, and as the men struck lusty blows, all good Bostonians remained indoors, wrestling with grief beyond measure.



VAN FELT, THE REFORMED WHISKY-SELLER, SPEAKING AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.—SKETCHED BY JOHN R. CHAPIN.—SEE PAGE 30.





THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.—A CUBAN FAMILY FLEEING FOR SAFETY—LANDING IN JAMAICA.—SKETCHED BY A. TRUMBLE.—SEE PAGE 27.



BREAKING A MUSTANG—A SCENE IN A CALIFORNIA CORRAL.—SKETCHED BY ARTHUR LEMON.—SEE PAGE 27.



## JOSEPH STRAUSS.

JOSEPH STRAUSS, President of the Société Alsacienne-Lorraine, was born at Gundershuffen, Canton of Niederbronn (Bas-Rhin), Alsace, August 6th, 1840. He was a soldier during the war of Italy, in Mostaganem, Algeria, where he spent his boyhood. In 1861 he came to America, and settled in business at Opelousas, La. Just before the close of the rebellion he came to New York City. In September, 1864, he was appointed, at the solicitation of the late Superintendent of Police, John A. Kennedy, a member of the Metropolitan Police Department, and immediately detailed as interpreter and clerk. Subsequently he was promoted to round-man, and made many important arrests. In 1871 he resigned as roundsman, and was appointed a deputy clerk in the department.

During the Franco-German war he was associated with every society which had for its object the relief of his countrymen. After the treaty of peace with Germany he found that through the cession of Alsace and Lorraine a great many of his countrymen began emigrating to this country, and, seeing that most of them arrived in a destitute condition, he at once applied himself to their service. He founded the Alsace-Lorraine Society, starting with but \$25. He has raised and distributed over \$16,000. Mr. Strauss is now acting as secretary to Police Commissioner Charlack.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE WHISKY CRUSADE.

MR. VAN PELT, the reformed saloon-keeper, is still marching about the West under the auspices of the Woman's Temperance League. Wherever he appears he is greeted with hearty applause by advocates of teetotalism, while equally hearty imprecations are pronounced against him by persons of his former ilk. Our illustration represents him as he appeared while addressing a vast audience in Block's Opera House, Springfield, O. He speaks with much confidence, and in spite of the sneers of former acquaintances maintains an air of strict sincerity.

## FUN!

ONE who can always get bread when he kneads it—A baker.

THE strong arm of the law is supported by five armed men on the Mobile police force.

THE amount of enjoyment a bad boy manages to squeeze out of this vale of tears is certainly astonishing.

AN Irish lover remarked that "it's a very great pleasure to be alone, especially when your sweetheart is wild ye!"

IN Cincinnati restaurants where pork is the favorite diet the cry of "Microscopes for two!" is heard early and late.

A DERANGED man was fined thirty dollars for trying to make a tour through the rooms of the White House on horseback recently.

A DISCONSOLATE gentleman in Chicago advertises that the thief who stole his well-bucket and rope will oblige him by coming and taking the well, for which he has now no use.

A CHICAGO coroner's jury rendered a verdict that a man whose body was found in the river came to his death by a blow on the head, "which was given either before or after drowning."

DOROTHY WILLIAMS, of Wyoming, started to walk three miles to church the other Sunday, and they found her torn into about fifty pieces, the result of meeting a bear whose moral character was at a low stage.

THE Cemetery Pond is the most popular in Newark. Here of a clear night, and amid the solemn memories which cluster about the spot, the amateur skater strikes on the back of his head, and awakens like a pirate.

A JERSEY flat went to a bathing establishment the other day and died while in the bath-tub. It is strange that people, knowing, as they must, the danger of the thing, will persist in fooling with water in that way.

THE following persuasive and encouraging note was attached to a baby left on a door-step in St. Louis: "Sir—Please accept this orphan child. If you should despise the gift, give it to some one who will appreciate it."

A PET cat in a Hoboken family, which is afflicted with a severe cough, and which has experienced no relief from the many remedies given her, was on Friday shipped to Colorado, where, it is the hope of her friends, the pure air will work a complete cure.

A GRAND RAPIDS woman keeps seven hundred cats about her premises. When one dies she has a funeral procession half a mile long, composed entirely of cats. As soon as the grave is covered she gives the signal, and the whole company howl in concert.

A YOUNG man who can neither sing nor play treated his girl's bedroom window, late Monday night, to a recitation. The piece selected was that which so vividly calls attention to the boy who stood on the burning deck, which, considering the temperature of this season, is full of comforting passages.

A CHICAGO paper says: "The little State of Delaware has the honor of growing about all the peanuts in the United States." The *Courier Journal* replies: "If all the peanuts Georgia produces in a single year were poured into Delaware they would blot out the State as effectually as Pompeii was blotted out by the ashes of Vesuvius."

TO ruin a handsome face with metallic powders, etc., when its beauty might be enhanced and rendered perpetual with "LARD'S BLOSSOM OF YOUTH," is criminal folly. Sold by all druggists.

THE "Willcox & Gibbs" excels all other sewing-machines, not only in the simplicity of its mechanical features, but also in those points of practical utility which are most sought after. No other machine turns out so useful, durable, and handsome a seam with so little exertion or painstaking on the part of the operator.

CHARLES REICHE & BRO., of No. 55 Chatham Street, New York, have one of the choicest curiosity shops in the metropolis. Being engaged in the importation of birds, animals and fowls, their place is well deserving a visit. Ladies desirous of replenishing their aviaries for the coming season, scientific people looking about for novel zoological specimens, representatives of the various public parks in the country, and a thousand and no other persons, make daily visits to this singular emporium. The firm does the importing for the various American circuses and menageries, and a large collection of animals, of all species, for this concern, has just been received. As an indication of the extent of the business, it may be stated that in the line of canary birds alone the firm has sold 80,000 since New Year's. They also export American buffalo, the Rocky Mountain antelope, black-tailed deer, beaver, wood-duck, etc., and are always prepared to purchase any or all of these members of our natural history. Reiche & Brother have also stores in Boston, Chicago and San Francisco.

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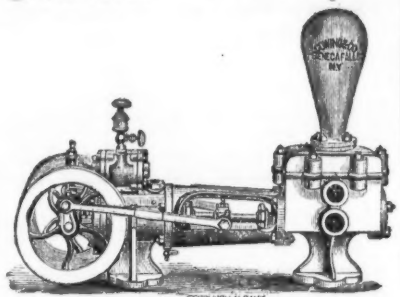
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